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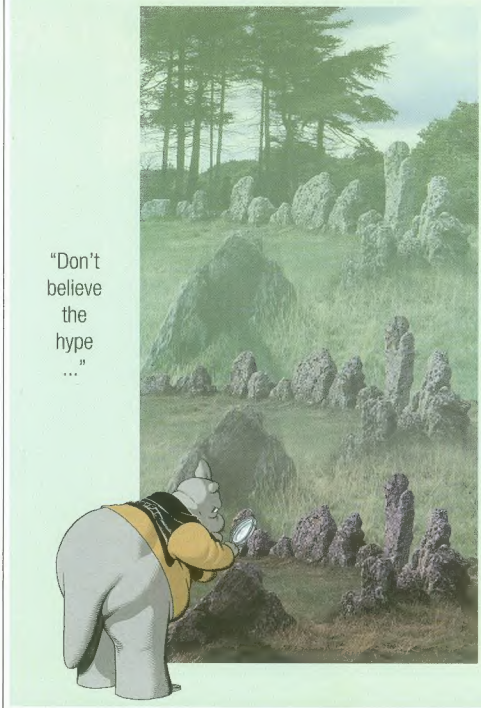


A Dave Sim Dissociates and New Line Gerhard production of

# GOD
# YHWH
# "CHASING YHWH III"

CEREBUS KOWICSBERG, THE NOT-SO-GOOD SAMARITAN AS THE STENOGRAPHER

AARDVARK-VANAHEIM PRESENTS A DAVE SIM DISSOCIATES NEW LINE GERHARD PRODUCTION OF "CHASING YHWH III" WHICH IT ALREADY SAYS RIGHT UP THERE IN MUCH LARGER TYPE. SO WHY DO WE BOTHER TO REPEAT IT DOWN HERE WHERE YOU HAVE TO STRAIN YOUR EYES TO BE ABLE TO READ IT? WELL, BECAUSE THEY DO IT ON MOVIE POSTERS AND WE'RE TRYING TO MAKE THIS LOOK LIKE A MOVIE POSTER. PARODY. WHY DO THEY DO IT ON MOVIE POSTERS? WE HAVE NO IDEA. WHY DON'T YOU GO ASK MARTIN SCORSESE OR SOMEONE? HA! BET HE DOESN'T KNOW EITHER.

# VFW Comdr. Major John Russo (ret.)

PILOTS' RELIEF FUND
c/o VFW 10302 Northender
2349 Stockyards Rd.,
Springfield, Il.
62702

Dear Commander Russo:

Further to my conversation with a member of your staff this morning (17 September), I am pleased to enclose a contribution to the Pilots Relief Fund to assist in covering the legal bills which will be incurred by Majors Harry Schmidt and William Umbach in defending themselves against criminal charges in the "friendly fire" incident in Afghanistan which claimed the lives of four members of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, Sergeant Marc Leger, Corporal Ainsworth Dyer, Private Nathan Smith and Private Richard Green (May God rest their souls).

As you very eloquently stated in the newspaper article I read ("Americans rally around charged pilots" *The National Post* 16 September), "We're a veterans group, and we've all been involved in one way or another in friendly fire. It happens. Your decisions are not always going to be right."

It goes without saying that Sgt. Leger, Corporal Dyer, Private Smith and Private Green would have known that as well and in exactly those terms. It seems to me that it would only dishonour their memory—in a way that any military man would and *should* find repellant—to hold any military personnel with whom they were (again, it goes without saying) *proud to serve* in their theatre of operations "accountable" in a *criminal* proceeding for their *entirely accidental* deaths. It is, of course, the obligation of Her Majesty's Government of Canada, as their ultimate civilian authority, to provide for their families. It is the obligation of the citizens of Canada to honour their memories and their contribution to the cause of freedom and democracy. It is the obligation of the senior—in this case, U.S.—military authorities to determine "what went wrong" and to correct whatever procedural errors led to this regrettable loss of life.

I will be printing this letter on the inside front cover of the November issue of my comic book, *Cerebus,* along with a request for donations for your cause.

Sincerely,

Dave Sim

PS. Allow me also to take this opportunity to thank you for your own contribution to the cause of freedom and democracy in the Korean conflict. I hope you are enjoying your retirement

CEREBUS
NO. 284 NOVEMBER 2002

**DAVE SIM**
Creator, Writer
Characters/
pencil & ink,
mechanical tones,
lettering

**GERHARD**
Background
Artist/pencil & ink

**CHRIS VERHOEVEN**
Cover Technician

**KEN SIM**
Cover Photo

**LATTER DAYS**
•
PROLOGUE
(Cerebus 266
and 267)
•
BOOK ONE
(Cerebus 268 to
288)
•
BOOK TWO
(Cerebus 289 to
300)

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WHAT CERBERUS DOESN'T UNDERSTAND IS -- WHAT IN THE HECK WERE YOU DOING WITH TWO TIGHTLY PACKED CONTAINERS OF BORSCHT UNDER YOUR SHIRT ANYWAY?
It's the secret ingredient behind the the frosty tips on my borscht soufflé
You keep it at at body temperature all day and
CEREBUS IS SORRY HE ASKED.

How... how could she DO this to me?
John.. Fitzgerald BEATTY.
TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.
How can I not think about, mymymymymy
STENOGRAPHER.
my STENOGRAPHER in in in the arms of of the best-selling author of of "TEN BABES THAT SHOOK MY BOX-SPRING AND MATTRESS"?!

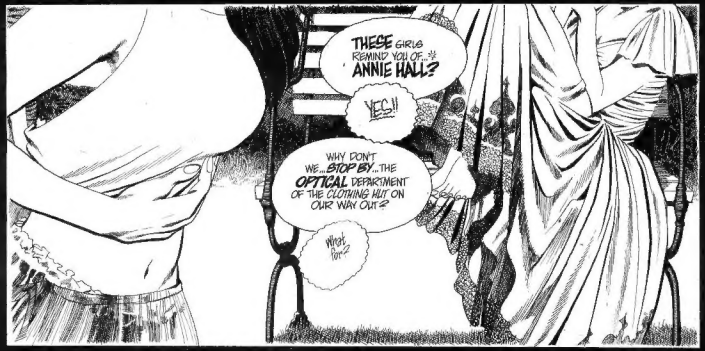
and so and That's your BEST advice? Try not to think about it?"
NAY, CEREBUS' BEST ADVICE was PRAYER, BUT...
HOW can I pray to a BEING who IF he exists, could allow THIS to be happen to me?
WHOA WHOA WHOA IT WASN'T GOD WHO GOT INVOLVED WITH HIS SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD STENOGRAPHER
Somewhere and a half.
Maaybe it's RE-HAD Well-- Well have some some sympathy for for what I'm going through here.

speaking of "here"... where the hell are we?
'FRUITCAKE PARK.'
"FRUITCAKE PARK." AS IN "NUTTY AS A..."?
Where?!
SEE - WE STARTED HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE LAST FEW 'CLEANSINGS' OF THE LAND: SEVERE DEVIL AND VIPER AND SCORPION OUTBREAKS.
THEY TURNED OUT TO BE GIRLS THAT EVERYONE KNEW WERE TOO EVIL TO LIVE BUT WHO WERE ALSO (AS TURNED OUT) TOO BEAUTIFUL TO KILL...

SO NOW SPORE'S SPORES JUST DESIGNATE 'EM AS 'FRUITCAKES' AND WE LOCK 'EM UP IN FRUITCAKE PARK FOR TWENTY YEARS.
Oh?
and AND And what happens in twenty years?
WELL... THEY'LL EITHER BECOME LESS EVIL SO WE CAN JUST (YOU KNOW) LET 'EM GO...
Uh-huh. OR...?
...OR THEY'LL GET OLD AND UGLY ENOUGH THAT IT WON'T BOTHER SPORES SPORES TO BLOW THEIR HEADS OFF.
No wonder they're calling this "the Age of Enlightenment."

IT WAS CEREBUS' IDEA! IT'S ACTUALLY WORKED OUT REALLY WELL! THE "FRUITCAKES" KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT CLOTHES AND MAKE-UP SO WHATEVER IS THE MOST POPULAR STUFF IN THE FRUITCAKE PARK CLOTHING HUT IS WHAT WE FILL THE OTHER CLOTHING HUTS WITH...
...SO THE NON-FRUITCAKES CAN HAVE A BETTER LUCK ATTRACTING HUSBANDS.
WE'VE BEEN HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH A...UH... DECLINING BIRTH-RATE.
Gee. I can't imagine why.

ANYWAY...
YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO SEE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN ESTARCION?
WELL...
THIS IS WHERE WE KEEP 'EM NOW.
I said that!? (What was I thinking?)
Get me away from here.
Hey! THEY all remind me of... of Sob's Annie...!


THESE GIRLS REMIND YOU OF... ANNIE HALL?
YES!!
WHY DON'T WE...STOP BY...THE OPTICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE CLOTHING HUT ON OUR WAY OUT?
What for?

IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE WAY OVERDUE FOR AN EYE EXAM.

Cerebus:
Sorry. Where was Cerebus, again?

Me:
Uh. Just about to start chapter twenty-three.

Cerebus:
Chapter twenty-three. Right. Okay, chapter twenty-three is really basic. Sarah dies and Abraham needs a place to bury her. And the locals, the children of Heth, offer Abraham, for free, any sepulcher he wants to bury Sarah, calling Abraham "a Prince of God" amongst them. And Abraham insists on paying for the sepulcher. And the children of Heth wouldn't hear of it. And Abraham says, no, seriously, how much do you want for this land right here. And the Heth guy, Ephron, goes, look, it's like four hundred shekels of silver, so what's that between me and you? Take it, bury your dead. And instead Abraham counts out the money, the four hundred shekels. [thinks] The fact that the children of Heth call Abraham "a Prince of God" means that this is probably a big deal between Yoohwhoo and God—the fact that they're called "the *children* of Heth" and not "the *sons* of Heth" tells you which side *they're* on. [thinks] It looks as if God wants to make sure that Abraham's descendants know that there is no *legitimate* dispute about this particular piece of land. What was it called again? Right. "Hebron". Cerebus is willing to bet that "Hebron" becomes really important later on, if God is using a whole chapter of the first Book of Moshe to make sure *everyone* knows who owns it. [thinks] And it also shows that Abraham trusts the sons of Heth about as far as he can throw them. Which is really a set-up for one of God's jokes in chapter thirty-one. Okay. And then chapter twenty-four. Abraham is *"olde, gone into dayes: And the Yoohwhoo had blessed Abraham in all things. And Abraham said vnto his eldest seruant of his house, that ruled ouer all that he had, Put I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh..."* [thinks] [to me] Uhh. Better put a star next to that and a little star at the bottom.

Me:
A footnote?

Cerebus:
[thinks] Okay. Sure. [thinks] As long as its got a star next to it and another little star at the bottom and it says *"Note–This is just how they swore to tell the truth back in those days. This does not mean that Abraham is a [dangles his hand from a limp wrist]."* Okay, so...

Me:
How do you want me to write that [dangling my hand from a limp wrist]?

Cerebus:
What? You mean [dangling his hand from a limp wrist]?

Me:
Yeah. How do you want me to write that?

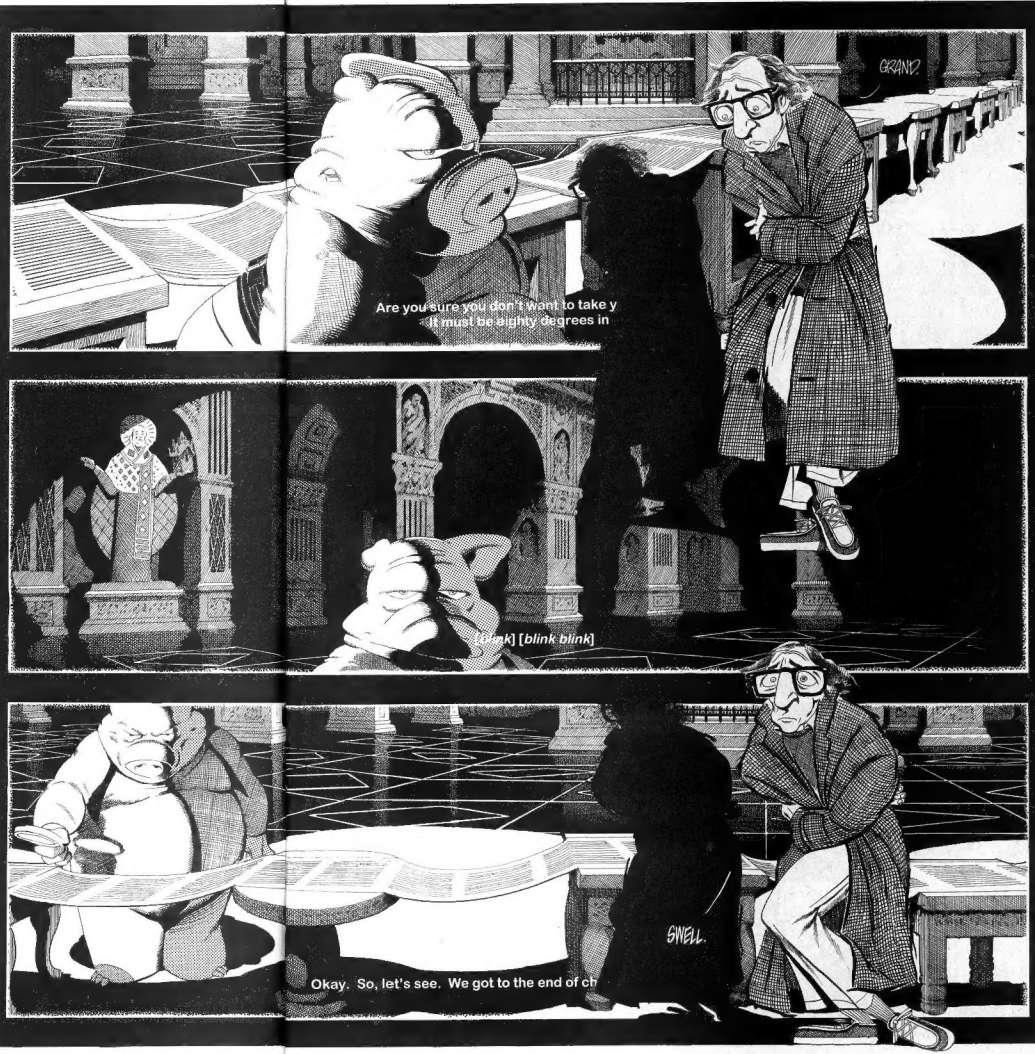
Cerebus:
Oh, uh. Hmm. [thinks] *"This does not mean that Abraham is a...a..."* [thinks] *"...a..."*[thinks some more] [irritated] Just leave it for right now. Cerebus will fix it in the transcript.

Me:
Okey-dokey.

Cerebus:
Where was Cerebus, again?

Me:
Uh. *"Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh."*

Cerebus:
Right. *"...And I will make thee sweare by the Yoohwhoo the God of heauen, and the God of the earth, that thou shalt not take a wife vnto my sonne of the daughters of the Canaanites amongst whom I dwell."* Abraham obviously had done a lot of thinking and had come to the conclusion that Yoohwhoo was the God of *heaven* and God was the God of the *earth*. And he's really up-


GRAND?
Are you sure you don't want to take y
it must be eighty degrees in
[blink] [blink blink]
SWELL.
Okay. So, let's see. We got to the end of ch

front about not trusting the children of Heth—the Canaanites—and not wanting his son Isaac to marry one of them—which, again, helps to set up God's joke in chapter thirty-one. Now, what's interesting is that Abraham is sending his *servant* to find Isaac a wife. His *eldest* servant. Get it? It's the "elder versus younger" thing again. So Yoohwhoo, playing coy, speaks through the eldest servant to Abraham/God: *"And the seruant said vnto him, Peraduenture the woman will not bee willing to follow mee vnto this land: must I needes bring thy sonne again, vnto the land from whence thou camest?"* Yoohwhoo doesn't want to play the "elder versus younger" game, Yoohwhoo wants to play the "who is whose son" game. God, speaking through Abraham, scares the you-know-what out of her: *"Beware thou, that thou bring not my sonne thither again."* WHOA! Okay, okay, thinks Yoohwhoo. Forget the "who is who's son" game. Jeez. Of course, she *doesn't* forget. Scaring a female like that, all you're going to do is arouse her curiosity, right? But, for the *moment* it works—especially when Abraham goes on to say: *"The Yoohwhoo God of heauen which tooke me from my father's house, and from the land of my kindred, and which spoke vnto me, and that swear vnto me, saying, Vnto thy seed will I giue this land, he shall send his Angel before thee, and thou shalt take a wife vnto my sonne from thence. And if the woman wil not be willing to follow thee, then thou shalt bee cleare from this my othe: onely bring not my sonne thither again."*

This is definitely of interest to Yoohwhoo. So God doesn't want His son in the land that Abraham came from? Or, as *Yoohwhoo's* son, God doesn't want to be back in the land that Abraham came from? Yoohwhoo has no idea what's going on, but Yoohwhoo is definitely interested. So the servant goes into Mesopotamia with Yoohwhoo [laughs] and as it turns out, a lot of little yoohwhoos "in tow" all of whom are wondering what *this* story is all about. And—in yoohwhoo terms—the story gets interesting in a hurry. *"And he made his camels to kneele downe without the citie, by a well of water, at the time of the euening that women which drawe goe foorth."* Women which draw…as in *water*, but who also—nyuck nyuck nyuck—draw *men*. Yoohwhoo is *definitely* interested in any story that has a well in it, because a well *always* reminds Yoohwhoo of *Hagar's* well—Lahai roi—the "well of him who liveth and seeth me". That is, God. So Yoohwhoo and all the little yoohwhoos couldn't *be* more interested at this point. And when Abraham's servant says, *"O Yoohwhoo, God of my master Abraham, I pray thee send me good speed this day, and shew kindnesse vnto my master Abraham. Behold I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the Citie* [Cerebus has no idea why Citie has a capital "C" on it here] *come out to draw water: and let it come to passe, that the damsell to whom I shall say, Let downe thy pitcher, I pray thee that I may drinke, and she shall say, Drinke and I will giue thy camels drinke also; let the same be shee that thou hast appointed for thy seruant Isaac: and thereby shall I know that thou hast shewed kindnesse vnto my master."* Oh, this is *definitely* a *good story* for yoohwhoos. The *eldest family servant of Abraham* calling Isaac *a servant of Yoohwhoo*. Interested? Yoohwhoo and all the little yoohwhoos must've darn near jumped clear out of the middle of the earth at that one. Yoohwhoo sure didn't *expect* it, but suddenly—after several thousand years—*suddenly*, it's looking a lot like "hubba hubba" time. And, as far as Yoohwhoo is concerned, the "hubba hubba" game beats the "who is whose son" game [thinks] [laughs] like a rotten egg, boy! See, like any female, Yoohwhoo is a *sucker* for a good love story. Interested? Hoo-Ha! Yoohwhoo is *so* interested: *"And it came to passe that before hee had done speaking, that behold Rebekah came out, who was born to Bethuel, sonne of Milcah, the wife of Nahor Abrahams brother with her pitcher vpon her shoulder. And the damsel was good of countenance, a virgine, neither had any man knowen her."* There's a good reason that the "virgin" and "neither had any man known her" gets emphasized. We're getting to that part, but, meanwhile, suddenly *everyone* is getting excited! *"And the seruant ranne to meete her, and said, Let mee (I pray thee) drinke a little water of thy pitcher. And she said, Drinke my lord: and she hasted, and let downe her pitcher vpon her hand, and gaue him drinke. And when shee had done giuing him drinke, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also, vntill they haue done drinking. And she hasted and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ranne againe vnto the well to draw, and drew for all his camels."* You see what Cerebus is saying about everyone getting excited? The servant *ran*, Rebekah *hasted*, Rebekah *ran*, Rebekah *hasted*. Suddenly *everybody's* in a hurry to get to "hubba hubba" time. And the servant gives her a jewel for the forehead and two bracelets [opens a drawer and sorts through some of his notes] *which*…Oh, right. Bracelets come back into the story in chapter thirty-eight [to me] don't let Cerebus forget. And he asks her whose daughter she is and then he adds, *"Tell mee, I pray thee: is there roome in thy fathers house for vs to lodge in?"* Yoohwhoo probably couldn't believe her ears. The servant of God's servant wants to know if there's room in Yoohwhoo's servant's father's house to lodge in? "Hubba hubba"! And she tells him that she's *"the daughter of Bethuel, the sonne of Milcah, which she bare vnto Nahor."* So the servant is the *eldest* servant and Rebekah is the daughter of the *youngest* son of Abraham's brother. First cousins. So, of course, Yoohwhoo is thinking [laughs] that this is probably a "deal-breaker". [makes a pouting face] No "hubba hubba" time? *"We haue both straw & prouender ynough, and roome to lodge in,"* Rebekah says, hopefully—with Yoohwhoo in the middle of the earth, probably biting her nails down to the quick and wondering, So, *is* it a "deal-breaker"? *"And the man bowed downe his head, and worshipped the Yoohwhoo. And hee saide, Blessed the Yoohwhoo God of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute my master of his mercy, and his trueth: I being in the way, the Yoohwhoo led me to the house of my masters brethren."* The whole time his head was bowed Rebekah was probably turning cartwheels around the well and Yoohwhoo was probably doing back-flips in the middle of the earth. Wah-HOOO! "Hubba hubba" time! Rebekah is off like a shot to her father's house spilling the whole story to her brother Laban and Laban welcomes the servant into the house and the servant

goes through the whole story again. If there's *anything* that a female is *more* of a sucker for than a good love story its hearing the *whole* story told *all over again* from the beginning—*this* time while she's wearing the new jewelry she gets *in* the story. [reading the text] The servant [laughs] the servant—probably with a little help from one of Yoohwhoo's Angels goes, well, a little overboard. Abraham had *only* told him to go *"vnto my countrey, and to my kinred, and take a wife vnto my sonne Isaac."* You know. "See if you can find the daughter of some nice Mesopotamian farmer where our family came from." But, when the *servant* tells the story, *he* says that he was told *"goe vnto my fathers house, and to my kinred, and take a wife vnto my sonne."* Which is [laughs] a whole different thing. You know. He makes it sound as if Abraham had told him "Go to my father's house and see if you can't find a close relative for Isaac to marry. You know, a first cousin or something." [chuckles] Won't *Abraham* be surprised. Sort of serves him right for marrying his half-sister. Anyway, it makes a great love story the way the *servant*, with a little help from Yoohwhoo, tells it. *"I bowed downe my head, and worshipped the Yoohwhoo and blessed the Yoohwhoo God of my master Abraham, which had led mee in the right way to take my masters brothers daughter vnto his sonne."* At this point, the servant must've [laughs] actually thought about what he had just said and then thought to himself, what in the *heck* am I *talking* about? The *right* way? Getting my master's son *engaged to his first cousin* is the *right* way? He probably sat there [laughs] blinking a lot. And then he says, *"And now if you wil deale kindly and truely with my master, tell me: and if not, tell me, that I may turne to the right hand, or to the left."* Which is some pretty quick thinking on the servant's part. Just [laughs] off-load the problem onto Laban and Bethuel: You know—either let's get this show on the road or *you* tell *me* that I'm *crazy* and tell me that you *won't* let your daughter/sister marry her first cousin. Whatever you guys think is right, I'll go along with it, it's your call. At which point [laughs] you could probably hear a pin drop and now it was *Laban and Bethuel's turn* to [laughs] blink a lot and look at each other. [laughs] Trying *not* to look at Rebekah who was probably fingering her new jewelry and looking at both of them hard enough to crush their skulls. "Don't you *dare* ruin my great love story or I'll never speak to either of you ever ever *ever again."* Uhhhhh. [chuckles] Uhhhhhh. Finally, *"Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said, The thing proceedeth from the Yoohwhoo: we cannot speake vnto thee bad or good."* [laughs out loud]. That's a great punch-line. Basically, "It's incest, for cryin' out loud. We think it stinks on ice, but if it's *Yoohwhoo God's* idea…" The whole room must've heaved a sigh of relief. For a few seconds [laughs] and then they all *must have—couldn't help but* start thinking: *"The Yoohwhoo* wants *Rebekah and her first cousin* to get *married*?" *"Behold, Rebekah is before thee, take, and goe and let her be…"* Cerebus pictures them looking at each other again. *"…thy masters sonnes wife."* They can't bring themselves to say "Abraham" or "Isaac" or "cousin". And then—trying to make it as okay as they can—they add, *"…as the Yoohwhoo hath spoken."* So, now the ball is back in the servant's court and *he's* the one just sitting there staring and blinking. Spoken? Who said Yoohwhoo *said* anything? I didn't say Yoohwhoo *said* anything. What *I* said…was…was…

At this point, the servant probably noticed everyone staring at *him* and waiting for *him* to say something. *"And it came to passe, that when Abrahams servant heard their words, he worshipped the Yoohwhoo, himselfe to the earth."* [laughs] They have to keep reminding themselves—*and each other*—that this whole crazy idea came from Yoohwhoo God. *"And the seruant brought foorth vessels of siluer, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gaue to Rebekah: He gaue also to her mother precious things."* This is the first time the mother gets mentioned. Cerebus pictured her sitting there [laughs] having a quiet heart attack through the whole thing. *"And they did eat and drinke, he and the men that were with him, and tarried all night, and they rose up in the morning, and he said, Send me away vnto my master."* [laughs] The servant is having some serious second thoughts at this point and doesn't want any of this to be seen as *his* doing. They already told him, take her! Go! And then [laughs] everyone just sat around eating and drinking. The servant probably wants to be able to say to Abraham, They sent me away with her, there was nothing I could do about it. And Laban and the mother [laughs] are no help at all. Not only do they *not* say, "Go!" They say, *"Let the damsell abide with vs a full yeare."* And then the mother adds, *"or ten."* [laughs uproariously] [notices I'm looking at him funny] Sorry, that gets explained later on. More sitting and blinking and staring for Abraham's servant. Oh, yeah, right, the servant must've been thinking. Wait a *year* or *ten* years and *then* come strolling in with Isaac's first cousin as his bride-to-be?

Oh, Abraham will just *love* that: Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. It took you…*ten years*…to find Isaac a bride? And what you ended up finding for him—*after ten years of looking*—was his *first cousin? "And he said vnto them, Hinder me not, seeing the Yoohwhoo hath prospered my way: send me away, that I may goe to my master."* [laughs] Now it's Laban and the mother's turn to just sit there blinking and staring at each other. Abraham's servant knows that Yoohwhoo is his trump card. And his *only card*, for that matter. All he can do is keep playing it: How can Laban and his mother stand in the way of what the Yoohwhoo wants? *"And they said, We will call the Damsell*, [Damsell has a capital "D" on it here for a good reason. We're getting to that part] *and enquire at her mouth."* [laughs] You know—maybe *Rebekah* is willing to stand in the way of what the Yoohwhoo wants. *"And they called Rebekah and said vnto her, Wilt thou goe with this man? And she said, I will goe. And they sent away Rebekah their sister, and her nurse, and Abraham's seruant, and his men."* Thank you, the servant must've been thinking. Thank you thank you thank you. See, it's not just that Rebekah is Isaac's *first cousin.* [looks at Konigsberg waiting for him to ask the question. Nothing.] [Cerebus turns to me] See, it's not just that Rebekah is Isaac's *first cousin*.

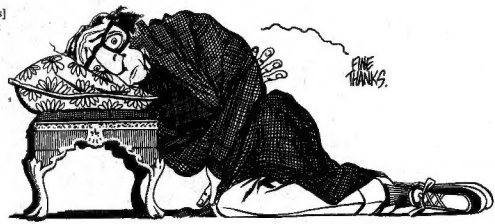
Me:
It's not?

Cerebus:
Nay. [laughs] She's also really, really, really *young*. She isn't sent away with her *handmaid*. She's sent away with her *nurse*. A girl has to be pretty darned young to have a nurse instead of a handmaid. See, [laughs] that's what's so funny about the mother saying, "Or *ten* years. Why don't you leave her here for *ten* years?" And inside, she has got to be thinking, the Yoohwhoo wants my daughter who hasn't even graduated from a nurse to a handmaid yet to *marry her first cousin? "And they blessed Rebekah, and said vnto her, Thou art our sister, bee thou…"* [laughs] They can't even bring themselves to say "the mother" *"…of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possesse the gate of those which hate them."* [laughs] "Thy seed" "those" and "them". She's Yoohwhoo's little representative, all right. That's it for the funny part. [he's quiet for so long, I'm about to ask him if he's finished] The next part is…[thinks]…is…[decides to just read it]

*"And Rebekah arose, and her damsels, & they rode vpon the camels, and followed the man:"* Yoohwhoo and all her little yoohwhoos, the "she's" riding on the "its" [quiet again for a long time] following the "he"—following…*the man. The man.* Just like…*the man*…she threw out of the garden thousands of years before. And now her heart…her *heart* tells her to *follow…the man.* [coming to] [clears throat] Although, if you had been there, and had been watching, all you would have seen—unless you were God or Yoohwhoo was *"… and the seruant tooke Rebekah and went his way. And Isaac came from the way of the well Lahai-roi…"* Hagar's well. The well of "he that liveth…" [quiet again] "…and seeth me". *"… for he dwelt in the South countrey. And Isaac went out to pray in the field, at the euentide: and hee lift up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming. And Rebekah lift up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel. For she had said vnto the seruant, What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us? And the seruant had said, It is my master: therefore she tooke a vaile and couered her selfe. And the seruant tolde Isaac all things that he had done. And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarahs tent, and tooke Rebekah, and she became his wife, and he loued her: and Isaac was comforted after his mothers…"*

[he sniffs a few times, as if his nose is running] [opens another drawer and pulls out two handkerchiefs and hands me one of them] [we both blow our noses] [and furtively wipe our eyes] Finally. "Hubba hubba" time. [laughs] Now that Cerebus thinks about it [blows his nose again] maybe it isn't *just* women who are suckers for a good love story. [we both laugh] And that…*that*…has *got* to be one of the *best* love stories *ever*, boy. [suddenly remembering Konigsberg's recently broken heart] Oh, uh. [not sure what to say] Sorry, there, Konigsberg.

Konigsberg:
[as if from beyond the grave]



Cerebus:

Okay. Chapter twenty-five. *"Then againe Abraham tooke a wife, & her name was Keturah. And shee bare him Zimran, and Iokshan, and Medan, and Midian, and Ishbak, and Shuah* [laughs] It looks to Cerebus as if this was Abraham's reaction to Isaac getting his gorgeous, underage first cousin. If the Yoohwhoo thinks it's okay for Isaac to get married to his underage first cousin, then—Cerebus figures—Abraham probably asked the Yoohwhoo if it was okay for Isaac's *father* to find *himself* some nice young piece of…[clears throat] What Cerebus means is, for a guy to have *six more kids* when he's already around a hundred and forty years old—well, to Cerebus there *has* to be a story behind it. And [laughs] that's what Cerebus thinks the story is. [thinks] Of course, Abraham stays loyal to Isaac: *"And Abraham gaue all that he had, vnto Isaac. But vnto the sonnes of the concubines which Abraham had, Abraham gaue gifts, and sent them away from Isaac his sonne (while he yet liued) Eastward, vnto the East country."* Which, to Abraham, must've seemed like the sensible thing to do. Have your fun and then get rid of the [turning to Konigsberg] *"fruitful result"* as someone once put it. Nyuck nyuck nyuck. [grins] [no reaction from Konigsberg] [sighs]. Of course, because they're *Abraham's* sons, he can't really just "throw them away" like that because they all end up becoming *nations*. And a lot of those nations become a real headache later on. Like Midian, especially. Which Yoohwhoo *knew* was going to happen. Huh? Oh, sure, Abraham. No problem. Heh-heh. As Yoohwhoo always says, you can never be *too thin* or have *too many nations*. Knock yourself out. How about Keturah over there?

So, then, Abraham dies, *"in a good old age, an old man, and full"* and—Cerebus is willing to bet—"with a smile on his face" if Keturah was still around. Isaac *and* Ishmael bury Abraham in Hebron. [thinks] Hebron is important, Cerebus is sure of it. And then we find out that Ishmael has "begat" twelve princes *"according to their nations,"* fulfilling the promise God made back in chapter seventeen. What it comes down to is that Isaac's descendants are going to have a *lot of nations* to contend with—even just with the nations that form around Ishmael's sons and Abraham's sons that he "begat" by Keturah and his unnamed concubines. As if that wasn't enough of a problem: *"And Isaac intreated the Yoohwhoo for his wife, because she barren: and the Yoohwhoo was intreated of him and Rebekah his wife conceiued. And the children struggled together within her; and she said, If it be so, why am I thus? And shee went to enquire of the Yoohwhoo. And the Yoohwhoo said vnto her, Two nations are in thy wombe, and two maner of people shall be separated from thy bowels: and the one people shalbe stronger then the other people: and the elder shall serue the yonger."* So, basically, Yoohwhoo concedes that *Yoohwhoo's* people are one kind of people and *God's* people are another kind of people. Which, basically, they are. Women and men. One people shall be stronger than the other people. Which they are. [laughs] Men are stronger than women. "And the elder shall serve the younger." Which is already the case—God has been making virtually every whim of Yoohwhoo's come true since Noah's day. What's different is Yoohwhoo admitting it—admitting that she isn't God. See, because she's telling God that she wants the elder to serve the younger. She would *only* say that if she knew she, Yoohwhoo, was the younger, weaker being and God was the elder, stronger being and she would only say that if she had finally accepted that it was God—and not Yoohwhoo—who was making all of these things happen. *'And when her dayes to be delluered were fulfilled, behold, there twines in her wombe. And the first came out red, all ouer like an hairy garment: and they called his name, Esau."* [laughs] This is a good joke. You can imagine how closely Yoohwhoo was watching the birth, having admitted that she, Yoohwhoo, was the younger. That meant, as far as Yoohwhoo was concerned, that the first baby that came out was going to be God, God's representative in the next story. Wow, Yoohwhoo must've thought. So *that's* what God looks like. All red and hairy. Yechhh. [laughs] God has got to be the ugliest baby that Yoohwhoo has ever seen. *"And after that came his brother out, and his hand tooke holde on Esaus heele; and his name was called Iacob:"* Okay. And this must be me, thinks Yoohwhoo. A nice normal-looking baby hanging onto the heel of the red, hairy baby. *"…and Isaac was threescore yeres old, when shee bare them. And the boyes grew; and Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the fielde: and Iacob was a plaine man dwelling in tents."* So, it's almost like a Cain and Hebel situation, but more extreme. Esau doesn't tend sheep and just sacrifice *some* of them to the Yoohwhoo: the *whole point* of what Esau *does* is *killing animals*. He's a *hunter*. *"And Isaac loued Esau, because venison was in his mouth, but Rebekah loued Iacob. And Iacob sod pottage."* Cerebus' first reaction was: whatever was involved in "sodding pottage," Cerebus was pretty sure Cerebus didn't want to hear about it. [laughs] Cerebus had to go through three dictionaries to find out that "sod" is an obsolete past tense of "seethe". "To boil," "to foam or bubble as if boiling." "Pottage" is any kind of stew or thick soup made with vegetables. Sometimes with meat, but mostly with vegetables. So, Esau is a cunning hunter and Jacob boils thick vegetable soup. Hard to picture how you could make a living at that, but okay. Jacob boils thick vegetable soup. *"…and Esau came from the field, and hee was faint. And Esau said to Iacob, Feed me with that red, with that red: for I am faint; therefore was his name called Edom."* See, there's the "red," again. Esau is red all over when he's born and then he wants to *eat* "red". "Edom". Cerebus still can't find anything about what "Edom," means. You can tell from the *"therefore"* that it has something to do with wanting to eat *"that red, that red."* [thinks] Probably only Yoohwhoo and God know what "Edom" means, and Cerebus is willing to bet that [laughs] whatever it means, it isn't very nice. This was another one that drove Cerebus nuts. The only "eating of something red" that Cerebus could think of was Yoohwhoo, the earth, encouraging Hebel to slaughter sheep so she could drink their blood and opening her mouth to receive Hebel's blood at the hand of Cain. But, that *couldn't* be right, because that would make *Yoohwhoo* the elder being. And the *whole point* is that *God* is the elder being. Like Cerebus said, the whole thing was driving him nuts. *"And Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright."* Which makes sense. Yoohwhoo wants to take God's place, so her representative, Jacob has to get God's representative, Esau, to "sign off on the deal." *"And Esau said, Behold I am going to die: and what profit shall this birthright doe to me?"* Weirder and weirder! *God says He's going to DIE?* God will *give* Yoohwhoo His birthright, because God is going to die so what good is God's birthright? *"And Jacob said, Sweare to mee this day: and he sware to him and he sold his birthright vnto Iacob. Then Iacob gaue Esau bread and pottage of lentils; and he did eate and drinke, and rose vp, and went his way: thus Esau despised birthright."* And then it hit Cerebus. Bam! Just like that! The *elder* being in the story, the being that Yoohwhoo thought was the ugliest baby Yoohwhoo ever saw…was *Yoohwhoo!* [laughs] And the *younger* being is…Man! God went all the way back to the garden on this one. See, way back in the garden, Yoohwhoo, *the elder being,* said to *Man, the younger being, Cain, the son of Man, the son of Adam,* feed me with that red—that is, feed me blood. Remember? That's what Yoohwhoo was trying to get Cain to do in the garden when she showed respect unto Hebel's offering: the dead, mutilated sheep and didn't show respect unto Cain's offering because all *Cain* would give Yoohwhoo was *vegetables*. So [laughs] so *this* time, *Yoohwhoo's representative* in the story, Esau, says, "feed me with that red" and *Man's representative* in the story, Jacob, says, "sell me your birthright". *Yoohwhoo's representative* says "okay", [laughs] *Man's representative* makes *Yoohwhoo's representative* some soup and—badda-bing, badda-boom—*Yoohwhoo's representative* has traded *Yoohwhoo's birthright*—her place in the pecking order of God's creations— to *Man's representative* AND committed Yoohwhoo to serve Man [laughs] in exchange for a bowl of lentil soup and some bread! [laughs and laughs]. Just imagine Yoohwhoo's reaction when she read the fine print! That really must've sod her pottage!! [laughs and laughs] "The hairy garment" reference was what gave it away finally. It's what Yoohwhoo, the earth, looks like to God with all of her grass and herbs sticking out of her. Okay, chapter twenty-six. *"And there was a famine in the land."* A famine usually means that Yoohwhoo is sulking. No vegetation. *"And Isaac went vnto Abimelech King of the Philistims, vnto Gerar. And the Yoohwhoo appeared vnto him and said. Goe not downe into Egypt; dwell in the land which I shall tell thee of. Sojourne in this land, I wil be with thee, and will blesse thee: for vnto thee, and vnto thy seed I will giue all these countreys, and I wil performe the othe, which I sware vnto Abraham thy father."* See, it's important that this is happening *after* Yoohwhoo has lost her birthright to Man. She's suddenly desperate to renew her *Abraham* Covenant with *Isaac*, and hope that she can get *Jacob* to renew as well or [laughs] she's going to be like Canaan: everybody's *servant*. Of course mention of the garden—the land Yoohwhoo promised to Abraham and his seed—causes the same reaction in Isaac that it did in Abraham: *"And Isaac dwelt in Gerar. And the men of the place asked of his wife: and he said, She is my sister: for he feared to say, my wife; lest the men of the place should kill me for Rebekah, because she was faire to looke vpon."* That is: they're going to kill *me*, but they're going to save my wife

alive. [shakes his head] Adam's descendants must've had nightmares for centuries about that garden and the cherubim with the flaming sword. *"And Abimelech charged all his people, saying, Hee that toucheth this man or his wife, shall surely bee put to death."*

Basically—the same as putting the mark on Cain—Yoohwhoo speaks through Abimelech, making it *sound* as if she's suddenly on *Isaac's* side. Isaac *"found in the same yeere an hundred fold and the Yoohwhoo blessed him...and the Philistims enuied him. For all the wels which his fathers seruants had digged in the dayes of Abraham his father, the Philistims had stopped them, & filled them with earth."* Filling up wells of *water* with *earth*—which side do you figure that puts the Philistims on? [thinks] So Isaac digs all the wells again that Abraham had dug *"and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them...And the heardmen of Gerar did striue with Isaac's heardmen saying, The water is ours: and hee called the name of the well, Esek".* That is, "Contention". *"And they digged another well, and stroue for that also: and he called the name of it, Sitnah".* That is, "Hatred". *"And he remoued from thence, and digged another well, and for that they stroue not: and he called the name of it Rehoboth."* That is, "Room." See, this is Yoohwhoo's approach to the problem of "this desert ain't big enough for the two of us". God's approach—when Abraham and Lot's heardmen were "striving" with each other—was to say "you go your way, and I'll go my way." *Yoohwhoo's* approach is to dig a well and "contend" for it, dig another well and incite "hatred" and then, *finally*—only as a last resort—to go her own way. And, of course, only after God tricks her into giving Man her birthright. [laughs] *"For now the Yoohwhoo hath made roome for vs and we shall be fruitfull in the land"* is a nice way of putting it to someone whose vegetables must have been just nothing by this point. But [laughs] Yoohwhoo has definitely "made room" for Man. *"And he went vp from thence to Beer-sheba. And the Yoohwhoo appeared unto him the same night, and saide, I the God of Abraham thy father: feare not, for I am with thee, and will blesse thee, and multiply thy seede, for my seruant Abraham's sake."* Nyuck nyuck nyuck. Yoobwhoo is getting clever. Notice she doesn't claim to be God Almighty, all she claims is that she was the God of Abraham. Which she was. *One* of them, anyway. Not the *Real* One. But, *one* of them. And she makes it sound as if she's going to bless Isaac because of how wonderful Abraham had been. Couldn't have anything to do with the fact that Isaac's youngest son has just traded Yoohwhoo a bowl of lentil soup and some bread for her *birthright*, could it? Oh, heck no. [laughs] Yoohwhoo's just feeling *generous* all of a sudden. *"And he builded an altar there, and called vpon the name of the Yoohwhoo, and pitched his tent there: and there Isaac's servants digged a well."* So, that's the fourth well. Yoohwhoo, She-Yoohwhoo, He-Yoohwhoo, It-Yoohwhoo. *"Then Abimelech went to him from Gerar, and Ahuzzath one of his friends, and Phicol the chiefe captaine of his armie."* Abimelech and Phicol, who earlier represented God and the Angel of God have now been joined by Abimelech's friend, Ahuzzath. [laughs] If Yoohwhoo is going to start speaking through Abimelech, it's important to keep the numbers straight. *"And Isaac saide vnto them, Wherefore come ye to me, seeing ye hate me, and haue sent me away from you?"* This, of course, is referring to Yoohwhoo expelling Man from the garden. *Isaac* doesn't mean it that way, he's just talking about the King of Gerar coming to him after sending him away, but Yoohwhoo couldn't miss the larger meaning. *"And they said"* Note: "they". *"Seeing we saw that the Yoohwhoo was with thee."* That's Yoobwhoo's phrasing. "eating thou shalt eat," "dying thou shalt die," "seeing we saw". *"...and wee said, Let there be now an othe betwixt vs, euen betwixt vs and thee, and let vs make a couenant with thee, if thou will doe vs no hurt, as we haue not touched thee, and as we haue done vnto thee nothing but good, and haue sent thee away in peace: thou art now the blessed of the Yoohwhoo."* At which point it must've been Abimelech, Ahuzzath and Phicol's turn to stand there blinking and staring. What in the *heck* are we *talking* about? If Isaac promises not to hurt us, we promise to make him the blessed of the Yoohwhoo? How in the *heck* are we going to do *that*? *"And he made them a feast, and they did eate and drinke. And they rose vp betimes in the morning, and sware to one another: and Isaac sent them away, and they departed from him in peace."* [laughs] It was probably okay as long as they just had a feast and a bunch of drinks. Imagine if they had tried to get it down on paper. "The King of Gerar hereby promises to make Isaac the blessed of the Yoohwhoo." *"And it came to passe the same day, that Isaacs seruants came, and tolde him concerning the well which they had digged, and said vnto him, We haue found water."* The fifth well. Just like the five kings versus four kings. When God is united with Yoohwhoo, He-Yoohwhoo, She-Yoohwhoo and It-Yoohwhoo, he is always going to defeat Yoohwhoo and her three aspects trying to go it alone. God is telling Yoohwhoo that she has a deal. *"And he called it Shebah:..."*—that is, "an oath"—*"...therefore the name of the citie is Beer-sheba..."*—that is, "the well of the oath"—*"...vnto this day."*

[he's quiet a long time again] And it is. You can look on any map and there it is. Beer-sheba. [reading] Okay. [laughs] Back to the really ordinary human stuff. *"And Esau was forty yeeres old, when he tooke to wife Iudith, the daughter of Beeri the Hittite, and Bashemath the daughter of Elon the Hittite: which were bitternesse of spirit vnto Isaac and to Rebekah."*

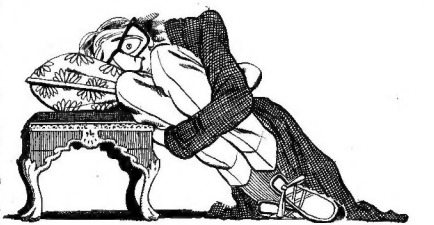
Chapter twenty-seven. Isaac is old and blind and he calls Esau to him. *"Take, I pray thee, thy weapons, thy quiuer, and thy bow, and goe to the field, and hunt me venison. And make me sauoury meat, such as I loue, and bring it to mee, that I may eate, that my soule may blesse thee before I die."* Rebekah overhears him and tells Jacob and she commands him to *"Goe now to the flocke, and fetch me from thence two good kids of the goates, and I will make them sauoury meat for thy father, such as he loueth...that he may blesse thee, before his death."* This is wrapping up the original covenant that Yoohwhoo made with Abraham, the She-Goat-God, the Ram-God and the Great Heifer in Heaven.

Esau and Jacob are the "two kids of the She-Goat God and the Ram-God." Jacob points out *"Behold, Esau my brother is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man. My father peraduenture will feele me, and I shall seem to him as a deceiuer, and I shall bring a curse vpon me, and not a blessing."* God is trying to get Yoohwhoo onto the right team, here. Esau is like a man, hairy. Jacob is like a woman, smooth. Esau is the favorite of his father, Jacob is the favorite of his mother. Esau is the elder, Jacob is the younger. [thinks] Basically, God is trying to keep Yoohwhoo interested and the only way he can do that is to take her mind off the fact that she traded her birthright to Man for a bowl of soup and some bread. And the only way he can do *that* is to show her that she's still getting everything her own way. The elder *will* serve the younger. It's also the "who is whose son" game: with Isaac as *God* and Esau as *God's "son," Yoohwhoo*, and Rebekah as *Yoohwhoo* and Jacob as *Yoohwhoo's "son," God*. *"And his mother said vnto him, Vpon me be thy curse, my sonne: onely obey my voice and goe fetch me."* That is, go and get the meat that represents *our* team—the kids of the goats—before the meat that represents *their* team—the wild game—gets here. *"And hee went, and fetched, and brought to his mother, and his mother made sauoury meat, such as his father loued."* [laughs] It's all in how you cook it. With the right seasonings—the right *salt* (as in the "pillar of..." Lot's wife turned into) you can't tell the difference between goat flesh and wild game, the difference between Yoohwhoo and God. *"And Rebekah tooke desireable raiment of her eldest sonne Esau, which were with her in the house, and put them vpon Iacob her yonger sonne."* It's all in what clothes you wear. With the right clothes, you can't tell the difference between Esau and Jacob, between God and Yoohwhoo. *"And shee put the skinnes of the kids of the goats vpon his hands, and vpon the smooth of his necke."* It's all in what texture skin you have. A man is just a woman with an animal's hairy skin. Yoohwhoo will definitely go along with that one. Of course, the big test is Isaac/God. Jacob/Yoohwhoo brings him the savory meat. *"How is that thou hast found it so quickly, my sonne? And he said, Because the Yoohwhoo thy God brought it before me."* Oh, hey. [laughs] Good answer, since Rebekah *also* represents Yoohwhoo in this story. *"And Isaac saide vnto Iacob, Come neere, I pray thee, that I may feele thee, my sonne, whether thou bee my very sonne Esau, or not. And Iacob went neere vnto Isaac his father: and hee felt him, and said, The voyce Iacob's voyce, but the hands, the hands of Esau."* [laughs] Another good answer. When Yoohwhoo says she's going to do something, it's the hands of God that actually do it! *"And he discerned him not, because his hands were hairie, as his brother Esaus hands: so he blessed him."* [laughs] That's Yoohwhoo interjecting there. She always wants to get to the end of the story. God just ignores her. *"And he said, Art thou my very sonne Esau? and he said, I am. And he said, Bring neere to me, and I will eate of my sonnes venison, that my soule may blesse thee: and hee brought neere to him, and he did eate. And he brought him wine, & he dranke."* Rebekah's seasonings do the trick. Isaac doesn't say a word about "What th'—this isn't *venison!* This is *goat meat!" :"And his father Isaac saide vnto him, Come neere now, and kisse me, my sonne. And he came neere, and kissed him: and he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, See the smell of my sonne is as the smell of a field, which the Yoohwhoo hath blessed."* [laughs uproariously]. Esau's clothes smell like manure! [it takes him a while to stop laughing] Good thing

Yoohwhoo didn't "get" that one. *"Therefore God giue thee of the dew of heauen"* God's making fun of Yoohwhoo's "mist that went up from the ground that watered the garden". Dew *forms* on grass and leaves, but God makes it sound as if it *falls* from heaven. *"and the fatnesse of the earth,"* Fat? Yoohwhoo must've thought. Does this vegetation make me look fat? *"and plenty of corne and wine. Let people..."* "People" not "men" or "sons" *"...serue thee, and nations bow downe to thee: bee lord..."* or "yoohwhoo," nyuck nyuck nyuck *"...ouer thy brethren, & let thy mothers sonnes bow downe to thee."* Again, God is making fun of Yoohwhoo's idea of a "woman's seed"—making it sound as if *some* sons are *fathers'* sons and *some* sons are *mothers'* sons, you know, *biologically*. *"Cursed bee euery one that curseth thee, and blessed be hee that blesseth thee."* Which is pretty clever on God's part: taking Yoohwhoo's own "blessing and curse" on Abram back in chapter 12—"I will bless them that bless thee and curse him that curseth thee.": that is, bless the "he, she, its" and curse God—and changing it into "Cursed bee *every one* that curseth thee" that is, cursed is any *individual he, she or it* who curses Jacob and blessed is *he*, Isaac/God or Yoohwhoo or any individual he, she or it, who blesses Jacob. Okay, Jacob beats a hasty retreat just before Esau comes in. *"And Isaac his father said vnto him, Who thou? and he said, I am thy sonne, thy first borne Esau. And Isaac trembled with a great trembling greatly, and said, Who? where he that hath hunted venison and brought it me, and I haue eaten of all before thou camest, and haue blessed him? yea and he shalbe blessed. And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said vnto his father, Blesse mee, me also, O my father. And hee said, Thy brother came with subilty, and hath taken away thy blessing."* "Subtlety"—that's the first time that word has been used to describe someone since the Talking Snake! *"And he said, Is not he rightly named Iacob?"* That is, "a supplanter" *"for he hath supplanted me these two times: hee tooke away my birthright, and behold, now he hath taken away my blessing: and he said, Hast thou not reserued a blessing for mee?"* This is the best news Yoohwhoo has had in a while. Man may have tricked Yoohwhoo into trading *her* birthright for a bowl of *soup* and some bread, but Yoohwhoo's representative in *this* story has fooled God's representative—with a bowl of *seasoned goat meat* and some bread!—into giving *her* representative the blessing reserved for the eldest son! Hah! (Yoohwhoo must've thought). The younger is *still* beating the elder! *"And Isaac answered and saide vnto Esau, Behold, I haue made him thy lord, and all his brethren haue I giuen to him for seruants: and with corne and wine haue I susteined him: and what shall I doe now vnto thee, my sonne? And Esau said vnto his father, Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Blesse mee, mee also, O my father. And Esau lift up his voyce and wept."* Cerebus wonders what Yoohwhoo's reaction was to this. Since she's female, the tears should've, you know, made her feel bad, even just a *little* bit. On the other hand, she is Yoohwhoo. You know, Oh, Boo-hoo-hoo, yourself, y'big hairy *loser*. *"And Isaac his father answered, and said vnto him, Behold, thy dwelling shall be of the fatnesse of the earth."* Stop *saying* that, Yoohwhoo must've thought. *"and of the dew of heauen from above. And by thy sword shalt thou liue and shalt serue thy brother: and it shall come to passe when thou shalt haue the dominion that thou shalt breake his yoke from off thy necke."* God warning Yoohwhoo that the elder isn't going to serve the younger—like some beast of burden—*forever*. *"And Esau hated Iacob, because of the blessing, wherewith his father blessed him: and Esau said in his heart, The dayes of mourning for my father are at hand, then will I slay my brother Iacob. And these words of Esau her elder sonne were told to Rebekah:"* Since Esau only said the words *in his heart*, three guesses as to who "spilled the beans" to Rebekah. *"And she sent and called Iacob her yonger sonne, and said vnto him, Behold, thy brother Esau, as touching thee, doeth comfort himselfe to kill thee. Now therefore my sonne, obey my voice: and arise, flee thou to Laban my brother, to Haran."* Oh, hey. An unexpected bonus for Yoohwhoo, going back to when Abraham sent his servant to Haran to find Isaac a wife? And Yoohwhoo, speaking through the Servant, had asked, you know, "what if she won't follow me? Should I bring Isaac to Haran?" And Abraham had said, "Beware thou, that thou bring not my sonne thither again."? Well, it definitely scared Yoohwhoo, it definitely aroused Yoohwhoo's curiosity and Yoohwhoo *definitely* didn't forget. *Yoohwhoo* herself was probably *still* too scared of that "Beware thou" to tell Jacob, *herself*, to go to Haran, but *Rebekah* isn't. Are you kidding? This is like "Cain and Hebel" all over again. Only *this* time, "Hebel"'s mother is getting him the heck *out* of there *before* "Cain" can kill him. *"And tary with him a few dayes, untill thy brothers furie turne away; Untill thy brothers anger turne away from thee, and he forget that, which thou hast done to him: then I will send, and fetch thee from thence: why should I be depriued also of you both in one day?"* Cerebus read that part a bunch of times. "Both"? What is she talking about? And then Cerebus realized. Esau would have known that his mother was behind the deception, that Jacob couldn't have done it by himself. She had lost Esau's love by conspiring with Jacob and she knew it. For a mother, losing a son's love isn't much different from actually losing that son. *"And Rebekah said to Isaac, I am weary of my life, because of the daughters of Heth: If Iacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are of the daughters of the land, what good shall my life doe me?"* She knows that it's better if *Isaac* sends Jacob to Haran and like any wife she knows the best weak spot to hit: in this case, the daughters of Heth who were *"bitternesse of spirit vnto Isaac and to Rebekah"* when Esau married one of them at the end of chapter twenty-six. Which is also a set-up for God's joke in chapter thirty-one.

Okay. Chapter twenty-eight. *"And Isaac called Iacob, and blessed him, and charged him, and saide vnto him, Thou shalt not take a wife, of the daughters of Canaan. Arise, goe to Padan Aram, to the house of Bethuel, thy mothers father, and take thee a wife from thence, of the daughters of Laban thy mothers brother."* Isaac actually *gives* Jacob the instruction that Abraham's servant had *made up on his own*: go and marry your first cousin! [laughs] Cerebus guesses that the way *Isaac* looked at it, it had turned out okay for *him*! *"And God Almighty blesse thee, and make thee fruitfull, and multiply thee, that thou mayest be an assembly of people."* Isaac has *no* idea how close to the truth *that* one is going to turn out to be! Nyuck nyuck nyuck. *"And giue thee the blessing of Abraham, to thee and to thy seede with thee, that thou mayest inherit the lande of thy soiournings, which God gaue vnto Abraham."* Well, *God* didn't give the land to Abraham, but, well... [thinks] So, off goes Jacob to Haran. *"And Esau seeing that the daughters of Canaan were euill in the eyes of Isaac his father. Then went Esau vnto Ishmael, and tooke vnto the wiues which hee had, Mahalath the daughter of Ishamel Abrahams sonne, the sister of Nebaioth, to be his wife."* More sons to become *more* nations to oppose Abraham's seed.

Anyway, back to Jacob: *"And hee lighted vpon a certaine place, and taried there all night, because the sun was set: and he tooke of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay downe in that place to sleepe. And he dreamed, and beholde, a ladder set vp on the earth, and the top of it reached to heauen: and beholde the Angels of God ascending and descending on it."* Now [laughs] now the comedy really gets started. Remember back in the Tower of Babel story when Yoohwhoo was acting as if "heaven" wasn't just a bunch of air "between the waters and the waters"? That it was, like, Yoohwhoo's *house*? Well, guess what? Now that the younger has usurped the birthright and the blessing of the elder: it *is!* [laughs] So all of God's Angels have to move out of Yoohwhoo's house and climb down this ladder into the earth [laughs] where God is now. Not really, of course. God is everywhere. But, to Yoohwhoo, the *elder being* lives in *heaven* and the *younger being* lives in the *earth*. So, now that the younger being has *supplanted* the elder being, all of Yoohwhoo's Angels are climbing out of the earth and into heaven! Where: *"And behold, the Yoohwhoo stood aboue it, and said, I am the Yoohwhoo God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac"* Yoohwhoo is so excited, she gets it wrong. Abraham is Jacob's *grand*father, not his father. *"the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I giue it, and to thy seede. And thy seede shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt break forth to the West, and to the East, and to the North and to the South: and in thee and in thy seed, shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And behold, I am with thee, and will keepe thee in all whither thou goest, and will bring thee againe into this land: for I will not leaue thee, vntill I haue done that which I have spoken to thee of. And Iacob awaked out of his sleepe, and he said, Surely the Yoohwhoo is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful this place? This is none other, but the house of God, and this the gate of heauen. And Iacob rose vp earely in the morning, and tooke the stone that hee had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and powred oile vpon the top of it."* [it has taken him a while to get all this out, he's laughing so hard] Poor Yoohwhoo! No sooner does she evict all of God's Angels from heaven and get them all to climb down into the earth, no sooner does she get herself all nice and cozy above the ladder and get all of *her* Angels into heaven and no sooner does she tell her earthly representative, Jacob, that she is with him, she will keep him, and will bring him again into the land [laughs] than that same representative wakes up and decides that the *rock*, the *piece-of-the-earth that he's using for a pillow*



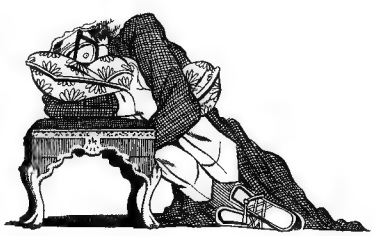
is *God's house.* [laughs] Which—to Yoohwhoo—it *is*, now. And he *anoints the rock!* [laughs and laughs] *The rock is going to be his church! "And he called the name of that place Beth-el".* Literally, the House of God—to which Yoohwhoo is compelled to add, *"but the name of that cuue was called Luz, at the first."* At the first, sure [laughs] but not *now*, Yoohwhoo. *Now*, it's the House of God. *"And Iacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keepe me in this way that I goe, and will giue me bread to eate, and raiment to put on, so that I come againe to my fathers house in peace. then shall the Yoohwhoo be my God."* You can almost hear Yoohwhoo letting out a big sigh of relief at that *last* line. A little too soon as it turns out: *"And this stone which I haue set for a pillar, shall be Gods house. and of all that thou shalt giue me, I will surely giue the tenth vnto thee."* So, *nine*-tenths of whatever Jacob gets, Jacob keeps and *one*-tenth of whatever Jacob gets [laughs] Jacob will give to his rock. [looks around the Sanctuary] Hard to believe that the idea for all this [laughs] came from a rock.

Jacob is a very, very funny guy. He just doesn't *know* that he's a very, very funny guy. Okay. Chapter twenty-nine. *"Then Iacob lift up his feet, and came into the land of the children of the East. And he looked, and behold, a well in the field, and loe, there three flocks of sheepe lying by it. for out of that wel they watered the flocks and a great stone was vpon the welles mouth."* [laughs and laughs and laughs a *lot* through this part of the story] God is going along with it! Why not? If he can pretend for *Hagar* that His house is inside of a *well*, what kind of a big problem would it be for God to put His *new* house on top of His *old* house? No problem at all. *"And thither were all the flockes gathered, and they rolled the stone from the wels mouth, & watered the sheepe, and put the stone againe vpon the wels mouth in his place."* [laughs] God knows his place! Inside the stone on top of the well's mouth. *"And Iacob said vnto them, My brethren whence be ye? and they saide, Of Haran are we. And he said vnto them, Know ye Laban the sonne of Nahor?"* [laughs] Laban isn't the son of Nahor Laban is the son of *Bethuel*. *Bethuel* is the son of Nahor. [laughs] Jacob can't remember who is whose father and who is whose grandfather any better than Yoohwhoo can! *"And they sayde, We knowe. And he said vnto them, Is there peace to him? and they said, He is well: and behold, Rachel his daughter commeth with the sheepe."* [laughs] See, this is the part where Jacob, like Abraham's servant did, is supposed to say something in his heart like "Let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say, let down thy pitcher and give the cattle drink, etc. etc." And he was probably thinking that he'd have to kill a few hours until the cattlemen showed up. Instead, here she comes with *the sheep* and he gets so nervous when he finds out that *this is her!* that it comes out: *"And hee said, Loe, yet the day is great, neither is it time that the cattell should be gathered together: water yee the sheepe, and goe and feed."* [laughs] All the guys by the well must've thought he had lost his mind! *"And they said, We cannot, vntill all the flockes bee gathered together, and till they rolle the stone from the welles mouth: then wee water the sheepe. And while hee yet spake with them, Rachel came with her fathers sheepe: for she kept them. And it came to passe, when Iacob saw Rachel the daughter of Laban his mothers brother, that Iacob went neere, and rolled the stone from the wels mouth, and watered the flocke of Laban his mothers brother."* [laughs] What a comedian! He's got it *backwards*. *He's* supposed to think in his heart of something Laban's daughter can do to identify herself to *him* and *instead* [laughs] he takes *one look at her* and *he* rolls the stone off of the well's mouth and *he* waters all the sheep for *her*. [laughs] *"And Iacob kissed Rachel, and lifted vp his voice, and wept."* [laughs] This boy really knows how to play "hard-to-get". *"And Iacob told Rachel, that hee was her fathers brother, and that hee was Rebekahs sonne: and she ranne and told her father."* [laughs]. Well, he was *half* right. [laughs]. He's Rebekah's son, but he sure isn't Rachel's father's brother. He's Rachel's father's *nephew*. Can you imagine when Rachel came running in? [laughs] Your brother is here! The son of Rebekah! "Oh, crap," he must've thought with this excited young girl bouncing all around him. [laughs] "Not *this* again." *"And it came to passe, when Laban heard the hearing of Iacob his sisters sonne, that he ranne to meet him, and imbraced him, and kissed him, & brought him to his house: and hee tolde Laban all these things And Laban said to him, Surely thou art my bone and my flesh. and he abode with him a moneth of daies."* [laughs] "My bone and my flesh," that's what Adam called *Hawwa*: "bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh" [laughs] So Laban [dangling his hand from a limp wrist] has figured Jacob out in the first five seconds. [laughs] Oh, Laban is going to take this one re-e-al slow after what happened with Rebekah. Oh, this is going to be fun. Stick around, kid. Which Jacob does. Which gives Laban a month to figure out what he's going to do with him. So, a month later, Laban just…*pops*…him with: *"And Laban said vnto Iacob, Because thou art my brother, shouldest thou therefore serue me for nought? Tell me, what shall thy wages be?"* Well, the answer to *that* is: who said *I* was going to serve *you*? The *elder* is supposed to serve the *younger*. If *anybody* serves *anybody*, *you* should be serving *me*, Uncle Laban. But that's "man stuff" and Yoohwhoo and Jacob don't [laughs] don't know from "man stuff". *Jacob's* only reaction is, Wages? Hmm. [laughs] What do I want for my wages to serve my brother Laban? Oh, this kid is "easy pickings" all right. *"And Laban had two daughters: the name of the elder was Leah, and the name of the yonger Rachel. Leah was tender eyed: but Rachel was beautiful and well fauoured. And Iacob loued Rachel, and said, I will serue thee seuen years for Rachel thy yonger daughter And Laban said, It is better that I giue her to thee, then that I should giue her to another man: abide with me."* Jacob completely misses the insult: It's better that I give her to you than to someone like me. You know, to another *man*. Whatever Jacob is [laughs] a man wouldn't serve another man for *seven years* just for a *wife*. What? No cattle? No property? No gold? [laughs] For Laban this is about as difficult as taking candy from a baby. *"And Iacob serued seuen yeeres for Rachel and they seemed vnto him but a few dayes, for the loue hee had to her."* What a putz. [we both laugh and laugh] In one way, aye, it's a good love story but, in every *other* way… [laughs] What a putz! *"And Iacob said vnto Laban, Giue me my wife (for my dayes are fulfilled) that I may goe in vnto her. And Laban gathered together all the men of the place, and made a feast."* [laughs and laughs] He gathers together all the *men* of the place? [laughs and laughs] Oh, this is going to be good. Heh. Well, aye, Cerebus feels a little bad for Jacob. But [laughs] This is going to be good. *"And it came to passe in the euening, that he tooke Leah his daughter, and brought her to him, and he went in vnto her And Laban gaue vnto his daughter Leah, Zilpah his mayde, for a handmaid"* [laughs] That's too funny. [laughs] He gives his daughter a *dowry* to marry Jacob! [laughs] He has to "sweeten the deal" for his daughter! *And it came to passe, that in the morning, behold it was Leah. and he said to Laban, What is this thou hast done vnto mee? Did not I serue with thee for Rachel? Wherefore then hast thou beguiled me?"* Oh, the boys were probably just killing themselves laughing in the bunkhouse. [laughs and laughs] "Saaay. *You're* not Rachel." *"And Laban said, It must not be so done in our place, to giue the yonger, before the first borne. Fulfill her weeke, and wee will giue thee this also, for the seruice which thou shalt serue with mee, yet seuen other yeeres And Iacob did so, and fulfilled her weeke and he gaue him Rachel his daughter to wife also* [laughs] Oh, Cerebus wishes he could've been there when he told the boys. "Guess what, fellas? He's going to serve me *seven more years for Rachel!"* [laughs] What a putz! [laughs and laughs and laughs] *Fourteen years*...for two *women*! *"And Laban gaue to Rachel his daughter, Bilhah his handmaid, to be her mayd."* [laughs] Laban figures that Rachel should have a dowry for marrying Jacob, too. Something to sweeten the deal. [it takes him a while to stop laughing] [thinks] You know, in a way, Cerebus feels bad laughing at this. But, at the same time, Cerebus has been around guys all his life. You just can't be that, *that*…[dangles his hand from a limp wrist]…and not expect that some guy is going to—you know—give you "the business". *"And he went in also vnto Rachel, and he loued Rachel more then Leah, and serued with him yet seuen other yeeres. And when the Yoohwhoo saw that Leah was hated, hee opened her wombe: but Rachel was barren."*

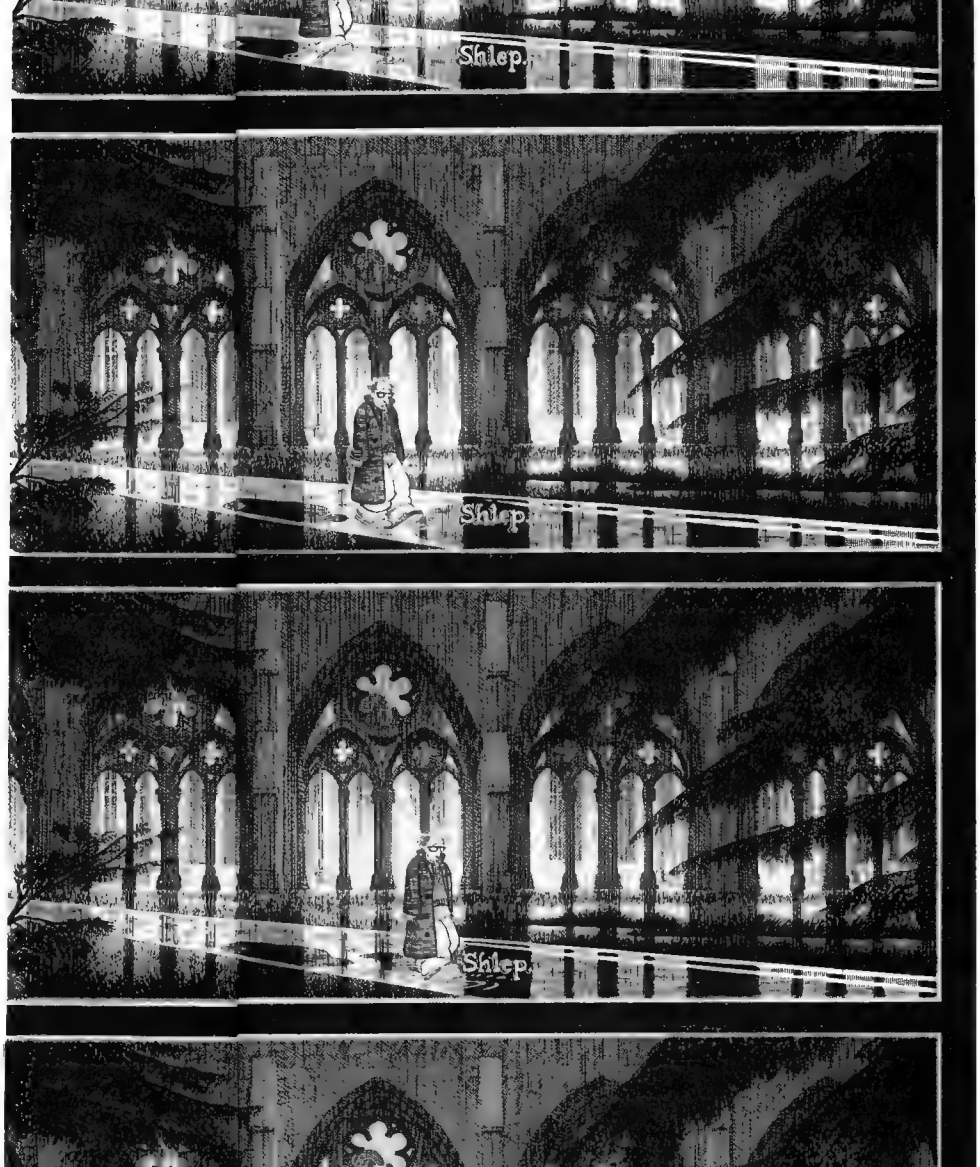
That's as far as Cerebus got. Actually, Cerebus got *further* than that, but the next part is complicated with Jacob's twelve sons and all of their names, so it's probably better to just stop before the last four verses of chapter twenty-nine where Jacob's first four sons are born. [thinks] [laughs] Well, at least he wasn't a *total* [dangles his hand from a limp wrist] [we both laugh] Cerebus feels like having an ale. [smacks his lips] Aye, Cerebus definitely feels like having an ale. How about you?

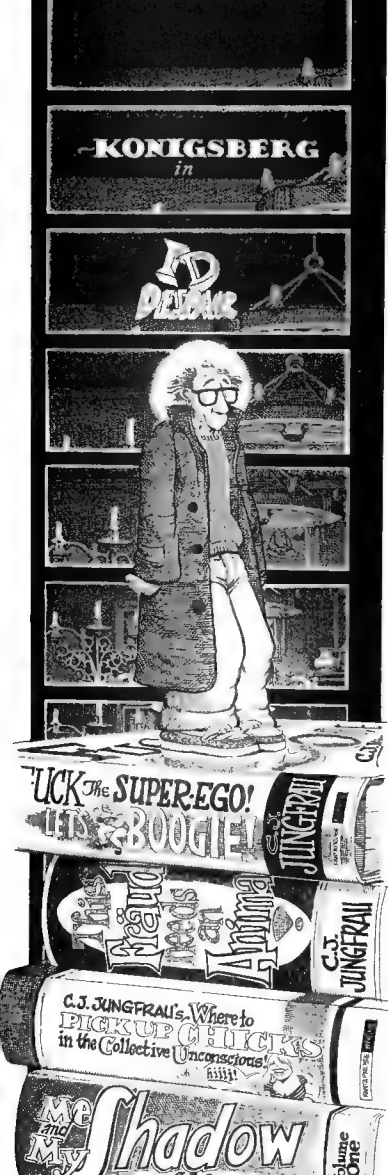
Me:
Me? Sure.

Cerebus:
Great. Let's go. There's a place about four doors down on Two Mile Road. [Sees me looking over at Konigsberg] Oh. Uhhh. [thinks] Uhhh. You…uh…[thunks some more] You have a good night, there, Konigsberg!



## KONIGSBERG






40th of Summermonth 79 - It's all *Frisud's* fault. My lousy marriage, my chronic masturbation, the loss of my beloved Annie Hall. All of it. How liberating to know the truth at last! How ironic that the live-in Scapegoat I've been seeking, was - all along! - as close as the stacks of overdue books surrounding my writing desk. The moment that I replaced them with every word ever written by C J Jungfrau I felt truly free for the first time in my life. C J Jungfrau! Of course! How could I have been so blind!? I really feel, with all my Heart, that - from the Beginning - C J and I were fated to be Kindred Spirits. For, just as I have rejected *Frisud* so, too, did *Frisud* reject C J! So, now the Circle is complete! C J will give me all his Wei Monkey Wisdom and I will hang it - tenderly and lovingly - like a Screen Door in a Hurricane. Having staked my entire future on C J, I can hardly wait to find out what his theories are.

42nd of Summermonth 79 - C J has turned out to be everything, I hoped, everything I dreamed he would be! Everything is based on Archetypes. "The Mother," "The Child," "The Father," "The Screen Door," "The Hurricane," Universal Beings which come to us in our dreams and reveries. Just last night I dreamt that I was standing, outside the "Arrivals" door at the Carriage Station holding up a sign that said "The Nymphomaniac." No such luck.

44th of Summermonth 79 - I am drawn to C J's theory of the Anima, the Womanly Counterpart which exists inside each man (just as the Animus - a Masculine Counterpart - exists inside each woman). C J cautions that - within each Anima - there is a stereotypical "inferior" woman: moody, irritable and oversensitive. I'm convinced that I can work around these traits, depending, on the size of my Animal's breasts and her policy on "spit" versus "swallow."

46th of Summermonth 79 - Reading C J's account of his first experience with the Archetypal Shadow. *"I saw myself struggling forward through a Howling Storm, in darkest Night, with only a small Candle to light my way. Gusts of Wind kept threatening to extinguish the Candle although I carefully cupped my hand around the Flame. Suddenly, I felt an ominous Presence behind my back. I spun around to face it and saw a gigantic Black Figure trailing behind me. Terrified, I awoke."* Where do I know this from? The little light and the Gigantic Black Figure..... I've reviewed all my notes on Frisud, but it isn't Frisud. Bernheim? No. Adler? No..... Beaker! Of course! I re-read most of Death 2 I'm Sorry, I Don't Know Any Death. It isn't Beaker. Where do I know this from?

48th of Summermonth 79 - I must beware of The Shadow cautions C J, for The Shadow represents *"the inferior elements of human nature"* - what C J elsewhere describes as *"a Tight Passage, a Narrow Door, whose painful construction no one is spared who goes down to the Deep Well."* The Shadow sounds like my Aunt Sophie at a wedding reception after her third glass of Mogen-David.

50th of Summermonth 79 - Last night, my own Shadow came to me in a dream. He turned out be a Gigantic, Dark, wealthy Playboy, bon vivant, man-about-town named Lamont. When I tried hitting him up for an Archetypal Loan he...he LAUGHED at me a Blood-chilling, Bone curdling, sound which (as it turned out) was actually coming from the bottom of an unimaginably Deep Well named Oneon. I have to confess that I find all of this terribly confusing.

*essay*

# Why Canada Slept

## Part II

Much as was the case with "Islam, My Islam," I'm going to rely, extensively, on excerpts from various articles that I have found, personally, to be both authoritative and relevant. In establishing the salient facts of Canada's military history in the modern era, where possible (and for what I consider self-evident reasons) I have chosen to use the writings of those individuals whose background (unlike my own) includes or included military service and to limit my own interjections to the interpretation of those facts and/or to explaining specific items of "Canadiana" which might be unfamiliar to my non-Canadian readers. As is usually the case, I haven't asked anyone's permission to reprint their words here. I hope that they would agree that the pressing need in a democracy for wide-ranging and open discussions of Large Issues with the best materials available supersede those interests which are served by strict observation of the legal niceties of copyright. In this same spirit (as is the case with all of my writings) I waive my own copyright in the name of those same interests and welcome the dissemination of any of my observations as any individual sees fit.

* * * * * *

*"All truth passes through three stages. First, it is ridiculed, second, it is violently opposed and, finally, it is accepted as being self-evident."*

Arthur Schopenhauer

*"Can the Canadian Forces carry out a reasonable range of operations within Canada to ensure the surveillance of our air and sea spaces? Can they move rapidly about the country to assist the government and using force where necessary? The answer is 'no' on both counts."*

Douglas Bland, lieutenant colonel (ret.)
Chairman, Defence Management Studies
Queen's University

*"For Canada not to have started to address the purpose, nature and configuration of its defence and security establishment in a coherent, coordinated and comprehensive way one full year after September 11 –the single most catastrophic security event on North American soil in the history of either North American nation—can no longer be qualified as 'benign'. It is neglect of duty. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that Canada's leaders appear more interested in their internecine struggles for control of the governing party than in the long-term security of its citizens. That the government is, at a bare minimum, completely disinterested in its men and women in uniform, there can be no doubt."*

The People's Defence Review
*Council for Canadian Security in the 21st Century*

* * * * * * * *

The following is taken from an article in *The National Post,* 27 July, "Peacekeeping If Necessary" written by Mark F. Proudman—who served for ten years with the Royal Montreal Regiment—and which so effectively distills a great deal of information in a very short space that I think I could only damage the incisiveness of his observations by paraphrasing them.

*[S]ince 1918, no Canadian government has sought to play an important military role in any way; most Canadian military actions have been aimed primarily at the domestic audience.*

*Reading declassified Cabinet minutes from such historic crises as those of the Second World War (when minutes began to be kept) and the Suez affair, one is struck by the absence of any serious thought given to the underlying situation. The entire focus of our leaders' discussions has always been the domestic audience.*

*It wasn't always that way. During the First World War, Canadian military action had been focused on defeating the enemy. The Conservative Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, insisted that Canada keep a corps of 60,000 combat troops on the front line at all times, and he brought in conscription, used troops against rioters in Quebec, and gerrymandered the election of 1917 in order to achieve that goal.*

I will interrupt at this point to mention that the use of troops against rioters in Quebec cuts to the very heart of "Why Canada Slept" and why, in my view, Canada has such a predisposition towards slumber in times of international crisis. There is a fundamental schism between the English and the French in Canada which mirrors the centuries-old schism between their mother countries, England and France, a schism which has been "acted out" at considerable length over the exact number of centuries that Canada has existed. As an example, historically (and significantly—at least up until the dawning of our largely secular age), English Canada has been predominantly Protestant and French Canada predominantly Catholic. The English defeated the French on the Plains of Abraham in 1759, an event which ultimately brought about the union of (English) Upper Canada and (French) Lower Canada. Of course, to even use the term "*union*" to describe what took place is, in this country, to knowingly provoke French hostility, since the French of Lower Canada didn't *choose* to unite with the English of Upper Canada. They were defeated in battle and made subservient to the British Crown, pretty much bringing to an end the French hegemony which had dominated the "New World" from 1534 to 1763 (when most of Eastern Canada, the Great Lakes Region

and Louisiana were collectively known as New France). One consequence of this, among many, is that in time of war French Canada has always rebelled against conscription—usually to the point of rioting in Montreal and Quebec City—rebelled against being pressed into military service on behalf of the British Crown which remains (even with our repatriated constitution) the highest Canadian authority, ceremonially represented in this country by the Office of the Governor-General (whose present occupant is a Mrs. Saul). This antipathy of French Canada towards the British Crown has made it severely problematic for some time for the Prime Minister of His or Her Majesty's government of the day (*any* day) to institute conscription—the "draft" as it's called in the States. Canada is structured as a parliamentary democracy (on the Westminster model—with some key differences I'll be discussing later) whereby the Prime Minister is the leader of the party holding the majority—or plurality—of seats in the House of Commons after an election. Each seat represents a political jurisdiction called a "riding". I'm not sure what the split was during the Second World War, but presently there are 75 ridings in Quebec and 226 in the rest of Canada, so while it is not *impossible,* it is *difficult* to form a majority government without a substantial representation in Quebec and equally difficult to enact any policy which is universally opposed in Quebec if a substantial number of your caucus have been elected in that province.

(To give you an idea of the level of centuries-old tension that Canadians live with on a daily basis, it is equally provocative to even describe Quebec as a Canadian *province*: of Canada's ten provincial jurisdictions, all but one describe their legislatures as "provincial legislatures". The Quebecois call theirs the "Quebec national assembly" and it is adorned, not with the red-and-white Canadian maple leaf flag, but with its own blue and white "fleur-de-lis" flag. Along the same lines, Quebec is the only province—or, as they would have it, "province"—which has not signed the repatriated Canadian Constitution).

So, in the event of war, the Prime Minister is always going to be caught between the "rock" of (in the interests of fairness) having to conscript soldiers from every corner of the Dominion and the "hard place" of committing political suicide in Quebec through trying to force Frenchmen (sorry, Frenchpersons) to fight for the King or Queen of England. (In an earlier article "What King, St. Laurent could teach Chrétien," Mr. Proudman wrote, regarding Canada's foreign policy during the 1930's—when the Prime Minister also held the post of External Affairs Minister—"King managed this difficult portfolio by not talking about it. 'Say nothing and do nothing,' was the summary of one diplomat at Canada House in London" and "King's foreign policy was not to have a foreign policy. Insofar as he could not avoid having one, it was to evade commitments to Britain, to minimize overseas contacts…and to avoid engaging in public discussion.")

Resuming Mark Proudman's earlier narrative:

> *The date of the battle of Amiens, Aug. 8, 1918, is not often mentioned in Canadian history books, but it is in European ones. The German commander, Field Marshal Erich von Ledendorff, called it, "the black day of the German Army." The Canadian Corps, commanded by General Sir Arthur Currie, a former Victoria real estate agent and reserve artillery officer, was in the van of the Allied attack that led to the collapse of the German armies and thence to the armistice of Nov. 11, 1918. The Canadians lost 4,000 men that day.*
>
> *This military triumph, ironically, caused permanent damage to the standing of Borden's Tory* [Conservative] *party in Quebec, which, unlike English Canada, saw the war as a British conflict, unrelated to Quebec's interests. The Liberals' status as the "natural party of government" dates from this period.*

By way of illustrating just how deeply-rooted this "natural party of government" status has come to be in the life of this country, the Liberals, since 1921, have been the governing party for sixty of the eighty-plus years in question.

*That status is founded on the customary exclusion of the Tories (and other more conservative parties) from Quebec. The Liberals know this, and have been wary of military engagement ever since. In the inter-war years, Liberal Prime Minister Mackenzie King went out of his way to avoid military preparations.*

I would never be forgiven by my fellow "Kitchenerites" if I failed to mention that William Lyon Mackenzie King, Canada's 10th prime minister—who served from 1921 to June of 1926, from September of 1926 to 1930 and then from 1935 to (literally) 1948—was a Kitchener native. "Woodside," his boyhood home, is preserved as a National Historic Site at 528 Wellington St. N. here in town (*Parkscanada.pch.gc.ca/parks/Ontario/Woodside)*

*But back then, English Canadians were proudly pro-British; they saw the Union Jack and the Red Ensign* [the precursor of the maple leaf flag which incorporated the Union Jack (in an area comparable to that occupied by the stars on the American flag) and the coats of arms of Canada] *as their flags, and when war broke out in 1939 there was no possibility that English Canadians would tolerate Canada staying out of it.*

*King had promised Quebec that he would not introduce conscription as the Tories had done* [in the First World War]. *He gradually slid out of this commitment, but he did it so adroitly, and so slowly—the process took four years—that he was able to keep his Québec support intact. King was not even afraid of the occasional absurdity: Between 1940 and 1942, it was possible for an American to be conscripted to defend Canada, but not a Canadian.*

*In 1940, Canada sent a division to Britain to help defend against a possible Nazi invasion. After 1940, as Hitler turned against the Soviet Union and the danger of invasion receded, Canadian troops remained in Britain, while the Australians and the British fought the Germans in North Africa.*

*Why were Canadian troops not sent to Africa? Because the Canadian government insisted Canadian troops remain together and remain under Canadian command which had the desired side effect of keeping them out of battle, keeping casualties low and thus keeping the conscription largely off the agenda.*

*But by 1943, English Canadian opinion was becoming impatient with inactivity, relieved only by the disastrous Dieppe raid of August, 1942. King therefore suddenly abandoned his determination to keep Canadian troops together and insisted, instead, that the British include them in the coming invasions of Sicily and mainland Italy. After D-Day, there was a shortage of troops in northern Europe and a political crisis erupted in Ottawa over conscription.*

*As a consequence, Canadian troops were shifted from Italy back to the Western Front. The eminent Canadian war historian C.P. Stacey labeled the whole episode "a silly chapter in Canadian war policy" in which Canadian troops were shipped around Europe, not to help defeat the Germans, nor even to impress allies or secure a post-war bargaining position, but solely to satisfy Canadians at home.*

*King's intervention in the naval side of the Second World War followed similar lines. At the height of the Atlantic convoy war, King, needing to tell English Canadians*

*how well his government was doing, asked Churchill (whom English Canadians trusted) to say something positive about the performance of the Royal Canadian Navy.*

*In fact, the performance of the Navy was terrible. University of New Brunswick historian Marc Milner has shown that the Canadian Navy was the worst of the Allied navies at sub-hunting. The fault for this lay not with the men in the Navy, but with the government—the Navy had only six destroyers in 1939 and had been completely unprepared for the rapid expansion required by the war. Poor equipment and funding before the war led to poor performance in combat—and, of course, inadequate pre-war preparation was itself a result, ultimately, of King's pandering to his Quebec supporters.*

Mention of "pandering to Quebec" and the ill-fated Dieppe raid necessitates a lengthy detour before we return to the linear history of Canada's military and Canada's leadership in the modern age.

Since 19 August 2002 was the 60th anniversary there was, over the summer, quite a bit of coverage of the above-mentioned Dieppe raid, the best of which I found to be J.L. Granatstein's "Dieppe, 60 years on: What is the truth?" (*The National Post,* 19 August):

*Sixty years ago today, some 5,000 Canadians, a brigade's worth of infantry and armour, landed on the beaches of Dieppe. There was great courage and unspeakable horror in a few hours, and the raid left 907 Canadians dead on the beach and 1,946 prisoners of war, many of them wounded. Only 2,200 returned to England and half of those* [hadn't gotten] *ashore. The Dieppe raid was a military disaster, one of the worst in Canadian history. Such losses understandably led soldiers then and historians since to search for explanations. The British had sacrificed Canadian troops rather than their own, some said. The Germans had known the raid was coming, many Dieppe veterans still maintain. Others...argued that the success of Overlord, the D-Day invasion two years later, simply could not have occurred without the lessons learned on Aug. 19, 1942. What is the truth?*

*The first point that must be made is that the Canadian high command, not the British had pressed strongly for the Canadian army to have the lead role in the raid. Lieutenant-General Harry Crerar, acting commander of the Canadian Corps in England in the winter of 1942, had learned of the raid and insisted that his men get the job. The Canadians were bored and needed to see action, Crerar believed. Moreover, he said,* public opinion in Canada was restless [emphasis mine] *and* it would be a disaster if the Americans, in the war for only a few months, saw action before the Canadians [emphasis mine, again], *some of whom had been in the United Kingdom since December, 1939. Crerar was right in his assessment, and he made the case strongly and well enough that he persuaded the British to select the 2nd Canadian Division. The blame, if blame there is, rests on a Canadian commander, not the British."*

I take issue with Mr. Granatstein's conclusion here. I think it is naïve to assume that Lieutenant-General Crerar—*on his own*—suddenly decided that the Canadians, after two years of sitting around, needed to get involved in a major, high-profile raid. On the contrary, I think Dieppe represented an example of a Liberal Canadian leader—make that "leader"—typically, wanting to have his cake and eat it, too. That is, as long as it was *just* Britain and *just* the Commonwealth countries and *just* the Allies (in their nascent form) fighting the Axis

powers, Prime Minister King—in typical weasel-y Liberal Canadian fashion—was happy to insist that Canadians serve only as a unit and only under Canadian military leaders (allowing him to then, basically, *not* authorize Canada's field officers to *do anything* for the better part of two years so as to *avoid* casualties and, thus, *avoid* conscription and, thus, *avoid* upsetting Quebec). It was only with *America's* entry into the war that that policy became untenable and for that most parochial and typically Canadian of reasons: jealousy of America. The *only* people who would think it would be a "disaster" if the Americans saw action before the Canadians were the Canadians. Obviously, Mackenzie King had no problem with *Brits and Aussies and Kiwis* seeing action before the Canadians did. In fact, the *Liberal* Prime Minister was happy to, in effect, make that the centerpiece of Canada's War Policy: that is, to make a great show of deployment (for the sake of public consumption) and then let other countries do the actual fighting (to avoid having to conscript soldiers and thereby upset Quebec). *Conservative* Prime Minister Borden's experience with Doing the Right Thing as a western democracy in the First World War had not been lost on King. It's all well and good to Do the Right Thing, to provide men and arms for the defense of democracy and freedom, but it *costs you support in Quebec and the loss of support in Quebec means the loss of power.* As we will see, so effective was Mackenzie King's wartime policy in allowing the Liberals to maintain their hold on power both during and after the Second World War that the political imperative Don't Do Anything to Upset Quebec soon became both the centerpiece of what passes for Liberal "thinking" and a Liberal panacea for every real or imagined Canadian ill. In fact, Don't Do Anything to Upset Quebec would, in the ensuing sixty years, so thoroughly supersede every *other* consideration within the Liberal Party of Canada's mass consciousness—and from there ultimately supersede every other consideration within the Canadian "identity" itself…

(said "identity" having proven so elusive even to those theoretically in possession of it—having proven, that is, to be as mythical, in its own way, as Sasquatch or Ogopogo—to me, dictates that it be braced by quotation marks. My own view is that the Canadian "identity" is not actually elusive at all but is, on the contrary, self-evident. It is only viewed as *being* elusive because it is, in fact, *morally repugnant* and *ethically reprehensible.* To wit:)

…that Don't Do Anything to Upset Quebec would, arguably and in very short order, come to *be* the Canadian "identity" and to be universally viewed by all Canadians as being indistinguishable from Doing the Right Thing so that all Canadian public policy would eventually come to be measured against the yardstick of Quebec's PMS-like mood swings. If a national policy *doesn't* upset Quebec, it is the Right Thing to Do. If a national policy *does* upset Quebec, it is the Wrong Thing to Do. This, as we will see, ultimately became both the means and end by which appeasement and outright capitulation became, not only second nature to Canadians, but would, in fact, make of appeasement and capitulation the Canadian Way. As much the Canadian Way as Showing the Americans a Thing or Two, the intrinsic Canadian conceit in which I believe Mackenzie King was indulging with his abrupt *volte-face* of his War Policy from "unofficial malingering" to suddenly, in 1942, pushing for Lieutenant-General Crerar to demand from the British a high profile combat role *solely in the interests of appeasing Canadian public opinion* without once considering whether there was a wiser or more useful role that the Canadian troops could play under British or American command. Post-1918, post-Robert Borden, this reprehensible trait in Canada's Prime Ministers to never make Doing the Right Thing the basis of their military decisions but to always make the political cost of an adverse effect on public opinion—and always foremost *Quebecois* public opinion—the basis of military decision-making would be echoed most recently with Conservative Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's studied ambivalence and half-

hearted contribution to the Gulf War in 1991 and Liberal Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's own Hamlet-like vacillations about whether or not to send ground troops to Afghanistan in 2001-02.

Back to 1942:

*"But did the Germans know the raid was coming? Initially planned for July, bad weather cancelled the attack...Defying logic, the planners decided to use the same troops against the same target the next month; the Germans surely would not expect such a foolish violation of elementary military good sense. And they didn't. There is no hard evidence that the Germans knew a raid on Dieppe was planned in August. But the attackers had terrible luck when their flotilla ran into a German coastal convoy in the English Channel. Firing ensued and the Nazis' coastal defences went to a heightened state of alert. This likely doomed the raid to failure, but its chances lessened even further when some landing craft put men ashore in the wrong places and when most touched down late and in daylight. The disembarking troops became easy targets for the Wehrmacht's artillery and machine guns. The Canadian dead piled up in heaps on the beaches and only a few very brave men managed to get inland."*

My own view is that this was an amateurish Canadian operation which failed because it was run by military leaders who lacked any actual combat experience in amphibious landings but who were under strict orders not to share their command with anyone else. The sensible thing to do would have been to put the Canadian forces under the command of someone who knew what he was doing, either as a unit (if that's how the someone who knew what he was doing wanted to deploy them) or in bits and pieces (if that's how the someone who knew what he was doing wanted to deploy them). In short, I consider the failure to have been Mackenzie King's own. If the Canadians were solely under Canadian command then a failure like Dieppe can only be seen as a Canadian failure. It would probably have helped if the motivation for the raid had been something larger than what I suspect it was: Showing the Americans a Thing or Two and appeasing Canadian public opinion.

*"After August 19, the idea of seizing a defended port in a major invasion was dropped. The need for heavy air and naval support was recognized, as well as the requirement for better intelligence, better ship-to-shore communications, more specialized assault training for the attacking forces and better tanks and landing craft. And certainly all these were essential for D-Day's success.*

*Let us be clear, however. Assaults from the sea were nothing new in 1942. The United States Marine Corps had a developed doctrine for such attacks, and the British themselves had staged seaborne attacks in the Great War. Who could have believed that tactical surprise was all that was necessary to get 5,000 men ashore on defended beaches? By what planning principles did the staff decide that a relative handful of aircraft could provide air support and that eight destroyers could give sufficient covering fire?*

*More to the point, what fool decided to attack Dieppe? No one who has stood on the stony beach in front of Dieppe—as hundreds of thousands of British vacationers had done for a century before 1942—could have failed to notice the cliffs that commanded the Canadians' landing areas. Where else would the Germans have placed their weaponry? Dieppe was a failure of intelligence, a "gross lapse in command sense and leadership," historian Bill McAndrew has correctly noted. Yes, there were lessons learned from Dieppe, but most of them would have been obvious to a second*

*lieutenant fresh out of officer cadet classes."*

But not, I suspect, to the Prime Minister of Canada and his military proxies in their first "go-round" with military autonomy on the world stage (King had played a major role in negotiating the 1931 Statute of Westminster, by which Canada assumed full independence, including control of its foreign relations), military proxies who had been instructed to zealously guard their command and to keep it exclusively under their own—and, consequently, ultimately under King's—jurisdiction. The resultant mythology which attached itself to Dieppe was part of the under-pinning of my decision to volunteer for "cannon fodder duty," the deeply-held Canadian conviction (which now runs at a near-genetic level) that you have to sacrifice vast numbers of troops (as we have been fervently instructed to believe happened at Dieppe) to determine how *not* to conduct your war before you learn how *to* conduct your war. There are elements of that—no battle and no war goes according to plan—but Dieppe was beyond the pale. I think this is especially true when you consider that there were so many capable military commanders in the European theater—including experienced senior British commanders with actual experience in directing large-scale military operations of the sort exemplified by what the Canadian military leadership was *attempting* to do with the Dieppe raid (5,000 men is not exactly a small-scale operation). Presumably those senior British commanders—who, up until 1931 had had oversight over those officers who were in 1942 at the highest levels of the Canadian military would, whatever their own failings (and no military commander is infallible) at least *not* have made the transparently foolish choices that the Canadian commanders did. Foolish choices which resulted primarily, I suspect, out of inexperience. At the highest levels of command, speaking militarily, William Lyon Mackenzie King was, to say the least, no Winston Churchill. With 20-20 hindsight it would have been infinitely preferable for the Prime Minister to have entrusted the 5,000 Canadian troops of the Canadian Second Division to the command of whomever Winston Churchill might have designated and to whatever purpose that individual might have chosen for them.

As to those soldiers who actually took part in the "turkey shoot" that Dieppe turned into, "brave" dramatically understates their case. I still find it virtually inconceivable that *any* soldiers made it inland from the landing sites. The fact that some of them did indicates, as does most Canadian military history, that bravery was never—and never *will* be—a Canadian military "issue". Just 217 of the nearly 600 soldiers of the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry—the Rileys—returned to England after the raid, and half of them were wounded. Two-thirds of the rest were either killed or taken prisoner. "They captured the large casino that dominated the western end of the Esplanade and some even succeeded in penetrating into the town before becoming bogged down in vicious street-to-street fighting in Dieppe's narrow cobblestone lanes and alleys," according to one of the anniversary articles.

(Ron Beal, the president of the Dieppe Veterans and Prisoners of War Association, in an interview marking the anniversary was asked about the fact that the raid is still a sensitive topic, sixty years later. "The reason is that so many were killed. In my regiment they had something like 95% casualties. Out of 504 men we put on the beach, only 67 came back…and only 28 of them were fit for duty the next day." Fit for duty *the next day.* That speaks volumes to me about the caliber of men who participated in the Second World War and, to me, shows how far masculinity has eroded in our own Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder age)

I also think that it is significant that after the disaster of Dieppe, Prime Minister King performed another *volte-face* and, having abandoned his insistence that Canadian troops remain together and serve only under Canadian command, now began insisting that the British include Canadian troops in the imminent invasion of Sicily and the Italian mainland. The key

Canadian traits exhibited, of course, were extensive, hand-wringing Prime Ministerial vacillation coupled with the indignant Prime Ministerial insistence that the Canadian Will be capitulated to—even as that Will staked out, in rapid sequence, every available contradictory position available to it. These traits, which have proven endemic to Canada's leadership, to me, were best summed up by Dean Acheson (1893-1971)—Secretary of State in the Truman Administration and the architect of the NATO strategy in the Cold War—in the title of an essay he wrote in 1966: "Canada: Stern Daughter of the Voice of God" (I chuckle out loud every time I read that).

* * * * *

If Dieppe was Canada's greatest military disaster, there is no question that Vimy Ridge, in 1917, remains Canada's greatest military victory (although the sacrifice of the Battle of Passchendaele—where three-quarters of the Nova Scotia Battalion involved gave their lives to capture 200 meters of German-held territory in October of the same year—would have to be judged as comparable). Chris Wattie's article in the *National Post* earlier this year ("Britain finally yields, will lend Vimy Ensign"), to me, captures the spirit of Vimy Ridge and the battle's significance to Canadians of every generation—whether they recognize that significance or not:

*A British museum has agreed to return a Canadian flag flown over Vimy Ridge, 85 years after the First World War victory that symbolized Canada's coming of age as a nation.*

*After months of delicate negotiations, the Imperial War Museum in London has agreed to lend the flag, a Red Ensign believed to be one of the oldest Canadian flags in existence, to the Canadian War Museum when it moves into its new home in 2005.*

*Joe Geurts, director of the Canadian War Museum, confirmed yesterday the Ensign will be in Ottawa when the new $58-million war museum opens.*

*"It will be on loan, but it will be in the Canadian War Museum," he said.*

*Previous efforts to return the flag to Canadian soil were rebuffed by the British museum, but Mr. Geurts said veterans from the Royal Canadian Legion finally succeeded in convincing the curators to release it.*

*"It'll be a centerpiece of our World War I display," said Tim Cook, a historian at the museum.*

*The Ensign, Canada's flag until 1965, was carried up the shell-shattered ground of Vimy Ridge by the 5th Saskatchewan Battalion in April, 1917, after the Canadian Corps captured the key high ground in northern France after five days of heavy fighting.*

*Lieutenant-Colonel Lorne Tudor, commander of the Saskatchewan battalion, donated the Ensign to the Imperial War Museum at the end of the war, likely because the Canadian museum at the time was in its infancy and little known, Mr. Geurts said.*

*David Penn, keeper of the Imperial War Museum's department of exhibitions, said the now tattered and threadbare flag would be a unique addition to any museum because it was relatively rare for regiments to carry their colours into battle in the mud and trenches of the First World War.*

*"The Canadian units tended to take their unit flags into battle with them in a way that British regiments did not," he said. "It's the only one of its kind that survived."*

*Mr. Penn said that after lengthy discussions with his Canadian colleagues and*

*Canadian veterans' groups, the British museum came to realize the emotional attachment to the flag and the victory at Vimy Ridge that it represented.*

*"It was a critical action...and of course French and British troops had [twice] failed in previous attempts to capture the ridge, which the Canadians quite magnificently did," he said. "It was a very great victory indeed."*

*A total of 3,598 Canadians died in the battle for Vimy Ridge—the first time the four divisions of the Canadian Corps fought together.*

*Many historians have called Vimy Ridge a pivotal event in Canada's coming of age.*

*The French government later deeded the land upon which the battle was fought to Canada and a massive war memorial was built on the highest point of the ridge.*

*In May, 2000, Imperial War Museum officials rejected Canada's request to acquire the flag for the ceremonies around the dedication of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.*

*Liberal MPs and Canadian War Museum officials had hoped to drape the Red Ensign over the coffin of the Unknown Soldier, an unidentified Canadian killed at Vimy Ridge, who is entombed at the National War Memorial in Ottawa.*

*Dr. Jack Granatstein, the historian and former head of the Canadian War Museum, said he was gratified to learn the Ensign will finally be coming home.*

*"This is one of only two flags still in existence that were carried up Vimy Ridge...a great Canadian victory," he said. "It's of great historical significance to Canada and it ought to be in Canada's war museum."*

*The other Vimy flag is in a museum in Penticton, B.C.*

*The Ensign in Britain—during the First World War, it was the closest thing the then Dominion of Canada had to a national flag—is even more valuable to Canadian historians because of its apparent age.*

*Although Canadian War Museum officials have not yet had a chance to examine the Ensign closely, it is believed to bear the coat of arms of only four provinces: Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—the original provinces in confederation.*

*That would make the flag the original Red Ensign of 1868*—[the Canadian province of] *Manitoba was added in 1870, British Columbia in 1871—making the Vimy flag at least 132 years old and possibly the oldest Canadian flag in existence.*

* * * * * * *

A substantial part of the reason behind my choosing to write "Why Canada Slept" is to indicate to my American readers—who are largely insulated from the extent to which an entire country can fall asleep, militarily, and the extent to which a country's national defense can be, has been and continues to be allowed to erode (in a country most of whose population lives a few hundred miles from the events of 11 September)—how much, here in the first hours of the twenty-first century, the defense of democracy and of freedom rests upon the shoulders of Americans alone.

Having familiarized you with Dieppe and Vimy Ridge, I'm sure that at this point most of my American readers will have understood what I was discussing by calling to mind an analogous legendary battle in the American pantheon: the Alamo, Valley Forge, Midway, Normandy (there are certainly no shortage of examples in your proud and sterling history) and with which the average American schoolchild would be familiar. Well, maybe not an American schoolchild of *today*—the feminization of public schooling is pretty widespread and through-going (I'm reminded of the NEA's recent efforts to mark the first anniversary of 11 September with study programs which emphasized that the attacks were no one's fault in

particular)—but an American schoolchild of my own generation, let's say. And if you won't even concede that point (you left liberal quasi-socialist you), I think you would at least agree that the present Secretary of Defense of the United States, Donald Rumsfeld, would be familiar with those American battles.

Right? Right.

Which brings me to the unhappy point of this second installment of "Why Canada Slept," to the "airing" of a particularly nasty—and recent—bit of Canada's dirty laundry by way of striking a *bourdon* cautionary note for my American readers of How Bad Things Can Get in a Completely Feminized Democracy which is illustrated clearly in an article by Chris Wattie in *The National Post,* 29 August of this year, "Defence Minister ignorant of Dieppe":

*John McCallum, the Minister of National Defence and titular head of the Canadian Forces, has conceded that until last week, he had never heard about the 5,000 Canadian troops who stormed ashore for the Dieppe raid, one of the greatest military disasters in Canadian history.*

*The former banker, who was appointed Defence Minister last May, has no military experience beyond four years in his private school's Air Cadet corps and says he has a lot of learn. He replaced Art Eggleton, who was fired.*

*"I had a pretty good—you could even say a privileged—education," Mr. McCallum said during his visit to the French port last week to mark the 60th anniversary of the raid. "But I never learned any of this in school. I haven't even been to Vimy Ridge...yet.*

*"This is, in a way, a sort of crash course in the military and military history," he said. "So I'm getting everything all at once, from [the liberation of] the Netherlands or Dieppe to Afghanistan."*

*Duane Daly, the dominion secretary for the Royal Canadian Legion* [Canada's equivalent of the VFW] *was saddened by the Defence Minister's ignorance.*

*"It's really unfortunate," he said yesterday. "But it's not just McCallum: it's all MP's* [Members of Parliament] *and Cabinet ministers. So few have any military experience or even knowledge of our history."*

*Mr. Daly said the ignorance of Canada's leaders reflects broad and long-standing flaws in the teaching of history in Canadian schools, but wished Mr. McCallum well in his "crash course" on military history.*

*Leon Benoit, the Canadian Alliance* [the official Opposition Party to the Liberals in the present Parliament] *defence critic, said Mr. McCallum's ignorance of things military is in character for the entire federal Cabinet.*

*"This government shies away from things military," he said. "They feel uncomfortable talking about anything to do with the military, particularly the combat capabilities of our military.*

*"So I'm not surprised."*

*To help him make up for lost time, the Minister has arranged for National Defence historians to give him private tours whenever he visits such historic sites as Dieppe.*

*Last week, an historian walked Mr. McCallum and a handful of aides along the stony beach where Canadian soldiers stormed ashore in 1942, showed them the seawall and the wide esplanade where the town's German defenders mowed down the men, and patiently explained the progress of the battle.*

*"It was amazing to me...It was very moving," he said after his tour. "I have a new respect for the military.*

*"You can draw a parallel between what these 80-year-old [veterans] did in Europe and what the 18-year-old [Canadian Forces soldiers] did in Afghanistan."*

*However, the Minister's grasp of historical parallels is not yet perfect. In a speech to veterans of the raid and government officials in Dieppe last week, he vowed: "to do the best I can...to see that our modern generation of soldiers and airmen and seamen have the same resources to fight for freedom and democracy that you did."*

*"I sure hope they're better prepared than we were," one veteran said with a chuckle.*

*The Canadian army, navy and air force was tiny, ill-equipped and under-funded when the Second World War broke out in 1939.*

*Mr. McCallum,* whose father was a decorated veteran of the Second World War [emphasis mine], *is being given the benefit of the doubt by many members of the Canadian Forces and appeared to impress most of the veterans of Dieppe he met last week.*

* * * * * * *

This was followed, a few days later by another article by Chris Wattie, "McCallum Mixes Up Vimy & Vichy":

*"In a letter to the editor in Saturday's* National Post, *the Minister, addressing an earlier article on his lack of knowledge of the disastrous 1942 Dieppe raid, said he had been "misinterpreted." However, he continued by saying: "Dieppe, like Vichy more than two decades earlier, attests to our pride as a nation in defence of freedom and justice."*

*The City of Vichy, in central France, was the capital of a right-wing regime installed by the Germans after the fall of France in 1940. Vichy France controlled about 40% of the country not under direct German military control.*

*Mr. McCallum said yesterday that he meant to write "Vimy" instead of "Vichy."*

*"Obviously, that's a typing mistake," he said last night in a telephone interview. "Because obviously I meant Vimy."*

*Dr. Jack Granatstein, the prominent Canadian historian, said Mr. McCallum has no shortage of military historians in his department and should have consulted them before writing the letter.*

*He said the error "suggests a certain lack of attention to detail and a woeful ignorance of Canadian history."*

*But Dr. Granatstein shrugged it off as "not that serious."*

*Historian Michael Bliss, of the University of Toronto, chuckled when he read the letter.*

*"Anything that helps educate our Defence Minister about history is a good thing," he said. "Even if it's another mistake."*

*Dr. Bliss said the error should not lead to calls for Mr. McCallum's resignation. "At least he's trying to educate himself about the military...that's more than most previous defence ministers can say."*

Next issue: A one-issue break to present the recipient of the 2002 Howard E. Day Memorial Prize. Part three of "Why Canada Slept" will appear in *Cerebus* 286

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